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THE
MONTH

FEBRUARY 1866.



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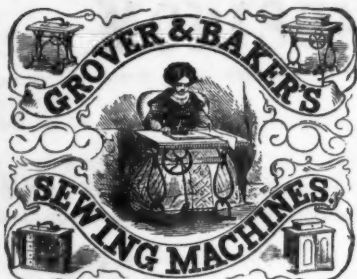
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** * * A new serial Novel, by the Author of "Constance Sherwood," called A STORMY LIFE; OR, QUEEN MARGARET'S JOURNAL, will shortly appear in successive Numbers of the MONTH.*

The First Sister of Mercy.

THE visitor who enters the parlour of any one of the numerous convents of the Sisters of Mercy in England or Ireland will probably soon find himself looking at a plain engraving of moderate size and no very high artistic merits, which is nearly sure to occupy the place of honour over the mantelpiece, or at least to be found somewhere in the room. It represents an elderly religious with an expression of frankness and benevolence upon her countenance, and her hand resting upon the open volume of the rule of the order, at the chapter which speaks of charity. It is in some respects a provoking portrait; one of those indifferent pictures which just give the idea of their own insufficiency. It is clear that there was more in the face of the person it portrays than the painter has been able to catch; and, in fact, we have an impression of having seen a better one on a smaller scale somewhere. But still it breathes simplicity, playfulness, charity, and patience; and there is also an air of quiet decision and shrewd common-sense, refined and elevated by unwonted gifts of faith and grace. So far it expresses well enough the character of her whose features it is meant to hand down to hundreds of her spiritual children who never saw her face—Catharine M'Auley, the foundress of the Institute of the Sisters of Mercy.

Her life is full of singular, though quiet, interest. It has been written by one of her own religious, with much of that simplicity and inartistic plainness which characterises the portrait of which we have spoken. Happily the book is sufficiently rich in detail, and dwells at some length on the life of Mother M'Auley before the foundation of her first convent. She was then between forty and fifty years of age. These earlier years were in reality her preparation for the work to which she was unconsciously called—we say unconsciously, for up to the very last she had no idea of founding a religious order in the Church. Born in 1778, she was the daughter of a most excellent father—a man given with all his heart to charity and piety; one of a class of laymen to be found here and there in those days in Ireland, who were the providential instruments of keeping alive the faith in many souls besides their own. Notwithstanding the social disadvantages which then, to a far greater extent than at present, weighed upon all Catholic gentlemen who openly and zealously

exerted themselves for religion, he was not only remarkable for his charities, but also for his endeavours to supply to some extent the dearth of priests in his part of the country, by assembling the poor of his neighbourhood from time to time and giving them the best instruction he could. This excellent man, whose spirit was inherited by his daughter Catharine, died while she was quite a child, leaving two other children—another daughter and an infant son—to the care of his widow, a person by no means equal to him in her devotion to her religion. She removed to Dublin, and allowed Protestant influences to be brought to bear on the children, which ended in the disturbance of the faith of the two younger. Catharine, however, persevered; and she used to attribute the grace which enabled her to do so to the Sacrament of Confirmation, for which she made a devout and fervent preparation. Her own life was afterwards continually coming back to her in the needs of those who were the objects of her work of mercy; and she has left her own diligent care in preparing children for Confirmation as a special legacy to the Sisters of her order. She grew up a bright, affectionate, winning girl; with a special gift of comforting and cheering others, strong impulses to piety, a love of reading, and a great dislike for the usual amusements and enjoyments of young people like herself. She was about half-way through her teens when her mother died. The children fell into the hands of a Protestant friend, who brought them up well in other respects, but without the slightest attention to the religion to which they belonged. Those were days too in which Protestant families spent their conversation in nothing more commonly than in abuse of the Catholic Church. The boy—Catharine's brother—became a Protestant; her sister afterwards married a Protestant, and conformed to his religion. Catharine herself, unable to answer the statements and objections urged upon her without mercy, was in great trouble of mind; but she fell in the way of a man of much eminence in those days—Dr. Beytagh—who instructed and consoled her, lent her good books, and thus helped her to surmount the trial. She began again to listen to her impulses to devotion, though she was under so many restrictions in her new home as to make the frequentation of the Sacraments difficult to her. These restrictions, however, were but little in comparison to the disadvantages under which she was soon placed in this respect. At eighteen she was adopted, as their daughter, by a wealthy Protestant couple, who had no children of their own, and their house in the country, at a distance from any Catholic church, became from that time her home.

The years which intervene between eighteen and forty-four are in

most lives by far the most important part. No doubt the character is to a large extent formed before that time; but it is within that interval that the greater part of most careers is included; and the years of youth and supple growth are over soon after its beginning, and the lot and path in life of nine persons out of ten is irrevocably fixed between twenty and thirty. When we are within a few years of a half-century of existence, it seems as if we could not change or turn ourselves to new habits of life and new pursuits, especially if they require greater restraint, more methodical exertion, and exact greater sacrifices from our liberty. Hence it is a rare case for "postulants" to be received in religious orders after forty or even thirty-five. The character is then too far fixed and pronounced to bend and mould itself easily to the requirements of discipline and a life in community. Most people will remain for the rest of their lives what they have been between eighteen and forty-four. And yet it seems as if there were certain special classes of work in the world and in the Church that are often best begun by people of mature age. The "late-flowering" plants are not the least beautiful or the least robust. Lord Macaulay has remarked somewhere on the number of great literary productions which have not been begun till after the eighth lustre. Some of our most successful statesmen and generals have been comparatively unknown till they were past their prime; though Wellington's military career was over before it, and Napoleon was his contemporary. In great spiritual works it is the same. St. Teresa was some years past forty when she began her reform; St. Ignatius was not "converted" till he was thirty, and it was many years later that he laid the foundations of his Society. In our own century, many of the religious institutes which are now most flourishing and most useful have been founded by persons who have undergone a long previous training in secular life. There is, no doubt, a certain disadvantage in every such new work, from the want of experience and training in the details of religious life on the part of its first members; but it is compensated for by a certain authority and firmness of character which deals more happily with difficulties and opposition from without than could be expected in the case of a set of young persons; and there is often a peculiar grace given to the beginners of such undertakings which fits them for their office as well as if they had inherited the traditions of centuries and spent a long life in obedience before they were called on to command. Catharine M'Auley spent no less than twenty-two years of her life in her new home at a distance from a church, with very scanty liberty to approach the Sacraments, and under the imperative necessity of hiding in every way even the less obnoxious parts of her

religion. It was a life that would ordinarily be hardly recommended, perhaps hardly permitted to a Catholic under her circumstances. Yet we find her at the end of the time admirably trained to begin her great work in the Church, not only by the constant practice of humility, patience, charity, and sweetness, which those years had imposed on her, but with a great amount of actual experience as to the mode of dealing with the miseries she was to provide for. The ample fortune left to her by her adopted parents was but the least of her qualifications for the beginning of the work of mercy.

Mr. and Mrs. O'Callaghan of Coolock House, who had thus taken Catharine for their child, gave her full liberty in every thing but her religion. But she used her new position for the benefit of the poor. She went into society as much as she was obliged, and no more; but for miles round she was known as the angel of comfort and relief to the sick and needy. She seems to have been often quite unable to get to Mass herself. The church was too far for her to walk, and her friends could not send her in their carriage. She could not even keep a crucifix or a pious picture; but she knelt with a Catholic servant before the cross made by the partitions of the doors, and found the holy emblem in the branches of the trees. She managed to practise some mortifications, especially that which she continued all her life,—to eat and drink nothing from Holy Thursday till Easter-eve. She prayed very much; and the poor repaid her charities by fervent prayers; for they knew her faith, and the difficulties she had in practising what it required. Things went on in this way for some time—we are not told how long—then she was able to get to the Sacraments secretly, during some shopping visits to Dublin; and by the advice of her confessor, she took courage to petition for greater religious liberty, which Mr. and Mrs. O'Callaghan did not refuse.

She was, in fact, to be the means of their conversion. Her character was perfectly radiant with the light of grace and faith, though she said nothing, and her influence gained an ascendancy of which they were unconscious. Mrs. O'Callaghan fell ill, and lingered long. Then Catharine was able to win her to consider the Catholic faith, which she had already pressed on her in daily life by the most efficacious of all arguments—a saintly example. The fear of displeasing her husband was the last hindrance to be overcome. She thought, moreover, that her conversion would induce him at once to dismiss Catharine from his home. Catharine implored her not to hesitate on her account, and managed to introduce a priest while Mr. O'Callaghan was absent. Mrs. O'Callaghan died almost immediately after her reconciliation to the Church.

Catharine's position was not changed by the death of her adopted mother. Mr. O'Callaghan trusted her entirely; and she was now able to resume her active works of mercy among the poor. The experience she thus acquired was the source from which she afterwards drew largely; and she then composed the substance of what is still the manual used by the Sisters of Mercy in their visits to the sick. After some time—the good Sister whose work lies before us is rather careless about dates—Mr. O'Callaghan came to be confined to the house, and at last to his bed. This was the opportunity for which Catharine had so long prayed. She tended him with the utmost sweetness and affection, speaking to him of common religious subjects without mentioning matters of controversy. At last he began to inquire about her faith, but, as it seems, at first without the slightest misgivings as to his own belief. One morning she knelt by his bedside and burst into tears. She had been told by the physician that his state was extremely uncertain; and her confessor had exhorted her not to let another day pass without urging on Mr. O'Callaghan the danger of his soul. She was unable to speak till he asked her to tell him whether he was in danger of death. She told him the truth; and then spoke of religion. He said he had no doubts as to the religion which he had always professed, and had endeavoured to serve God uprightly in it. Still she insisted; and he consented to receive the visit of the priest who, after a short time, received him into the Catholic Church. His death left Catharine the sole heiress of a large property, at the age, as we have said, of forty-four.

The circumstances of her life had cut her off from any large circle of Catholic acquaintance. Her chief adviser was the good priest, Mr. Armstrong, who had reconciled Mr. O'Callaghan on his deathbed. Catharine looked upon the fortune of which she was now the possessor as a trust placed in her hands by Providence; and she determined to spend it entirely in the service of God and of the poor. Her own experience suggested the kind of misery which it should be devoted to relieve. Ignorant children, in danger of being badly brought up, or losing their father; servants out of place; persons of good character without a home; and the sick and dying, in need of comfort and spiritual assistance—these she had already frequently come across, and desired to help more than had then been in her power. One day, at a later time than this, she had seen an orphan-child turned out of one of the cellars in which the poorest of the poor live; its parents had lately died, and the cellar had been let to another family. From that time dated her devotion to the relief of orphans—taken up as it has so nobly been by her spiritual children.

The "Houses of Refuge" had their origin in her mind in a sadder tale. Before the death of Mr. O'Callaghan, she met with a foolish girl of good character whose imprudence had exposed her to great danger of ruin. She sought at once to place her in the established House of Refuge in Dublin; but it was one of those institutions governed by boards and committees; and the poor girl was lost before the regular machinery for admitting her could be put in motion. Her first idea as to the use of her fortune was to provide some permanent establishment for such cases as hers, and for the education of children. She bought, at a very high price, the ground on which the present convent in Baggot Street stands; and the first stone of her building was laid in July 1824. It was more than a year and a half after the death of Mr. O'Callaghan. She had but little definite plan as to the requirements of her building. The architect gave it a conventual character and arrangement; but she had merely required large schoolrooms and dormitories, a room that might serve as a chapel, and some accommodation for ladies who might undertake to help in the work which she hoped to found. We see thus that the work of mercy, in her mind, preceded the design of a religious order devoted to it. It was not, in fact, till some years after the work had been begun that a religious rule was adopted by Catharine and her assistants, and even then it was more as a matter of necessity than as a part of the original design. The account of the gradual progress and extension of the work begun in this simple manner is very interesting; but we should exceed our limits if we were to dwell on it in detail.

Catharine's building was not completed till after three years from its beginning. In the mean time she resided with her married sister, who, as has been already said, had conformed to the Protestantism of her husband, and brought up her children in the same religion. Catharine devoted herself, as usual, to works of mercy, teaching children in the schools, and visiting the sick. There is a touching story at this part of her life of the care which she lavished upon a poor maniac, who had formerly been in good circumstances. Meanwhile her prayers and silent influence were doing their work. Her sister's health was rapidly failing, and she determined to return to the Church. She managed to remove to Dundrum for change of air, and was there reconciled without her husband's knowledge, exhorting her eldest daughter, who was with her, to follow her example as soon as she could. She soon after died. Catharine continued to live with her brother-in-law, and her niece soon attached herself entirely to her. A chance conversation on the subject of her influence over his children revealed to the father that his wife had died a

Catholic. He was in such a paroxysm of fury at the news, that it seems as if her sudden flight from the house alone saved him from killing his sister-in-law in his passion. She continued, however, to reside with him after this, and her niece was ultimately received into the Church, and became one of the earliest postulants of the Order of Mercy.

Meanwhile the building in Baggot Street was nearly completed, and was opened on the Feast of our Lady of Mercy, 1827. The schools were served, and the young women admitted into the "House of Mercy," as it was then called, were watched over, by pious ladies, who had volunteered to assist Catharine in her good work. Two of them lived in the house. Catharine herself still resided with her brother-in-law. The residents wore a semi-religious dress, and practised many austerities. Gradually other ladies joined in the work of instruction in the schools, which soon numbered about three hundred children. The inmates of the House of Mercy were not at first occupied during the day within its walls: they went out to work every morning, after prayers and instruction, and returned at night. A few orphans, wholly provided for, lived in the house from the first. In 1828 Dr. Armstrong, who had all through been Catharine's great adviser and supporter, died. It was just at the time when, as it seemed, he was most necessary for the protection of the work, for which he had hitherto secured the countenance of the Archbishop of Dublin. The new institute was beginning to attract attention, and, of course, opposition. Still all went on well for a time. In the course of the autumn, the Archbishop allowed the house to be called after our Lady of Mercy, and towards the close of the year the associates received leave to visit the sick. Not being religious, and presenting themselves as simple ladies, they even obtained entrance into some of the hospitals of the city. Early in the following year (1829), Dr. M'Auley—Catharine's brother-in-law—died, and she took up her own abode in the house in Baggot Street, accompanied by her niece. Her residence there, where she was at once recognised as a kind of Superior, led to the introduction of a regular *horarium*; and the little company of ladies, who all dressed in the same plain habit, and called each other Sister, assumed very much to outward appearance the guise of a religious community. In the course of the summer the chapel was finished, and arranged so as to be open to the public, as there was then no church in the neighbourhood. A chaplain was appointed, and the confessors came to hear confessions in the chapel. By the middle of 1830 the number of "Sisters" had increased to twelve.

It could not be denied that what was practically and in all ex-

ternals a religious community had risen up no one exactly knew how. It was drawing to itself ladies who might otherwise have entered religious orders; and its work, it was supposed, might interfere with that of the Sisters of Charity already established in Dublin. It is not at all surprising that so anomalous a state of things should have seemed objectionable to many, as it was, in fact, hardly in accordance with the strict rules by which the Church regulates the formation of such bodies. Some rather high-flown praises of Catharine, from the mouth of the priest who preached the sermon on the occasion of the dedication of the chapel, seem first to have kindled the smouldering opposition into an open flame. The Archbishop was at last appealed to, and he admitted the many inconveniences of the existence of a practically religious body which was bound by no authorised rule. His expressions were, however, exaggerated; and the tidings flew to Catharine's ears that he intended to hand the institution over to the Sisters of Charity. It gave her an opportunity of showing how deeply grounded she was in humility, obedience, and detachment; how pure had been her intention in the work which had absorbed all her care as well as all her fortune. She quietly turned to her informant, and said that she would yield to whatever the Archbishop decided; and then immediately wrote to his Grace to the same effect. The result was such as might have been expected: he disclaimed the intention imputed to him; but after some negotiation he decided that the ladies attached to the house must either drop the appearance of a religious profession, or submit themselves to the realities of rules and vows. This decision was the real foundation of the Order of the Sisters of Mercy; the associates chose to become really religious. The rules of several orders were consulted and studied; offers of affiliation to the Carmelites and Poor Clares were declined; and at last the rule of the Order of the Presentation—an order of Irish origin—was chosen as that by which the new institute should be governed, with certain modifications rendered necessary by the peculiar object of the Sisters of Mercy. It was arranged that Catharine with two other ladies should make a novitiate in the Presentation Convent, George's Hill. Meanwhile application was made to the Holy See for the faculties necessary for the establishment of the new order.

When we consider that Catharine was at this time fifty-two years of age; that she had spent the greater part of her life in affluence, and without any other restraint on her inclinations than was imposed by her adopted parents, both devotedly fond of her; and that since Mr. O'Callaghan's death, eight years before, she had been her own absolute mistress, and recognised, moreover, as a Superior by the ladies whom she had gathered round her,—we may be able to some

extent to understand how great a trial it would have been to her to become all at once a novice and a subject, if the foundations of spiritual perfection had not already been deeply and securely laid in her heart. The Sisters of Mercy date the beginning of their institute from the day of her profession, December 12th, 1831. It is not merely that from that time the order became really established, and its members subject to rule. Her year of novitiate—though in many respects, no doubt, she did not require many of the lessons that were then taught her—was her real qualification for the work of a foundress and a Superior. Works of that kind have sometimes been undertaken by persons who have shown but too conspicuously the danger of beginning to teach what they have not first practised themselves. These failures reach far beyond the persons whose characters they immediately affect. Or, let us rather say, the humility and docility practised by persons in the position of Catharine M'Auley, and the thoroughly religious spirit in which their souls are, as it were, steeped by means of such a novitiate as hers, last on beyond their lives as heirlooms and traditional instincts in the bodies of which they have been the first Superiors. No one can impart to others what he has not received; no stream can mount higher than its source. The Institute of the Sisters of Mercy has not yet been in existence for forty years, yet its convents generally seem haunted by the traditions of a long line of Saints; and, with all the constant intercourse with the external world which is imposed on their inmates by their laborious works of charity, they breathe an air of peace and recollection which seems like the inheritance of many generations of cloister-life. This, the most precious of all gifts to religious communities, they owe, under Providence, to the wise humility of their first Mother, which made her not merely submit to her novitiate as a necessity, but welcome it and profit by it in the spirit of a child. Persons called to works like hers have, to a striking degree, the gift of impressing their own character on those around them, and thus creating in a short time what afterwards becomes a living tradition. In her case, perhaps, the individual character has not so much perpetuated itself as that of the Sister of Mercy—gentle, patient, hard-working, humble, obedient, charitable, and, above all, simple and joyous.

Her novitiate was not at all free from trials. The mistress of novices took great pains to humble her, often reproving her severely before others. Her cheerfulness and gaiety were very great; so much so, as at times to appear even excessive. Then there were troubles reported from Baggot Street, where the remaining "Sisters" were not quite able to manage one another without her. Some of

them took occasion from her absence to give themselves to excesses of mortification, or to work too hard for their strength. One very promising member of the little community died; two others—one of whom was Catharine's niece—fell dangerously ill, but rallied for a time. Then there were some difficulties about the profession of the three postulants, as they were not to remain in the Order of the Presentation. Catharine was in great anxiety, and had recourse, as usual, to earnest prayer. At last all obstacles were overcome, and she, with her two companions, pronounced their vows in the Presentation Convent, with a clause stipulating that the rule of that order was in their case to be subject to any changes which might be necessary for the new Institute of Mercy.

The story of the remaining years of the life of Catharine M'Auley is in a great measure the history of the progress of the order of which she had, almost unwittingly, become the foundress. There is a wonderful simplicity and absence of design about the gradual growth of an institute which, having first started in 1831, has now, after an existence of thirty-five years, between 150 and 200 houses in almost every part of the world where the English language is spoken. Its first progress was, of course, in Ireland; but it soon crossed St. George's Channel (Bermondsey being the first English foundation); and was not long in fixing itself firmly in the United States and the British North-American provinces. It is to be found in California, in Australia, in Brazil, and in New Zealand; it has confronted, in its mission of mercy, the great scourge of our time, the cholera; and its habit was seen side by side with that of the children of St. Vincent of Paul in the care of the hospitals in the Crimean war. It does not appear that this world-wide extension was at all contemplated by Mother M'Auley when she began. The reality of her work, and the blessing of Heaven upon it, has been manifested by another far more precious sign than that of material progress; for the Sisters of Mercy have carried with them to the most distant lands, and have displayed under the most varied and difficult circumstances, the thoroughly religious spirit which animated their first Mother. Having been originated entirely at the suggestion of the Archbishop, the first house was of course dependent on him; and there never seems to have been any desire in the order to exempt its houses from the jurisdiction of the ordinary prelate. Thus it is essentially a diocesan institution; and indeed there is no necessary connection, save that of charity, between separate convents in the same diocese, except in the case of what are called branch-houses, the as-yet-incomplete offshoots from some particular convent. Each convent, when fully formed, has to provide itself with its Superiors, who are not allowed to

remain permanently in office, its Mistress of Novices, and other officials. There are no "provinces" of the order; no authorities higher than the Superiors of the several convents, who are immediately under the rule of the Bishop in whose diocese they are settled. It is not improbable that the spirit of the institute is opposed to any more complete organisation of the order as a whole; and many of the causes which make such arrangements desirable in other cases do not exist in that of the Sisters of Mercy. The few years during which Mother M'Auley lived after her religious profession—about ten—did not, at all events, give time for further developments in this direction.

Gradually, as occasion arose, one feature after another was added to the original plan of her House of Mercy in Dublin. At first there were no lay Sisters; but after a short time she was touched by the needs of the class of young women from which they are recruited; and her convent had every reason to be grateful for their introduction. Then came a call from the populous parish of Kingstown—in great want of the many services which the Sisters were rendering in Dublin; and in this way the first branch-house was formed in 1834. It was not till a year later that the formal approval of the new institute was obtained from Rome. Up to that time the Sisters had been simply a creation of the Archbishop's, who had, of course, obtained the necessary powers to begin the work. The first convent, after that in Baggot Street, was founded at Tullamore in 1836. The same year saw the second foundation at Charleville; Carlow and Cork followed in 1837. Each of these convents became the mother-houses of numerous colonies. Bermondsey—the oldest house in England—was founded from Cork in 1839; some English ladies having passed their novitiate there in order to learn the rules and catch the spirit of the order. Birmingham—or, as it should now be called, Handsworth—was founded in the same way, in 1841, from Dublin; several English postulants having been previously trained at Baggot Street. It was the last foundation made by Mother M'Auley herself, as she died a short time after its completion. Each of these two houses has sent out numerous swarms to other places; but the call for the Sisters of Mercy in this country has been far too great for them to supply, and a considerable number of houses have been founded from Ireland. Other religious orders have sprung up in the present century on the same soil, so fruitful in every thing that is Christian and Catholic; but none have developed so rapidly or spread themselves so widely as the Sisters of Mercy. The reason is obvious enough, in the great needs that call every where for work such as theirs. As St. Francis

de Sales is reported to have said that a community of Capuchins would find a living any where, we may say of the Sisters of Mercy that they find work wherever they may be planted; for their vocation calls them wherever there is ignorance, poverty, sickness, and misery. A peculiar feature of their institute—which is probably to be accounted for by the derivation of their rule from that of the elder Order of the Presentation—consists in the amount of what may be called cloister and community duties, which they combine with their active employments. Thus they have to recite the Office of the Blessed Virgin every day, and have other calls on their time of the same kind. In this, as in their longer novitiate, their perpetual vows, their diocesan constitution, and notably in the character of their spiritual exercises, they differ very widely from the Sisters of Charity, with whom they were at one time accused of interfering. Of all religious orders whose members are not only not cloistered by obligation, but may ordinarily spend many hours of the day outside their convent in school teaching or in visiting the sick, they are probably the most frequently recalled to the choir, and the most abundantly supplied with practices that secure recollection and defend the interior life. They are thus enabled to bear the really hard, and often very thankless, work imposed upon them by their charity.

We could name a convent of this order—nor would it be a singular instance—which has struggled on for years under every possible circumstance of disadvantage and discouragement, such as would be certain to wear out any but the true metal of the soundest religious virtue. Its members are very few; the situation is utterly uninviting—in the heart of a tract where the earth seems to have been turned inside out by mines and pits, and where smoke and fire have withered every vestige of freshness and softness alike from the face of nature and from the character and manners of the population. The house is small and miserable, in a dingy street, with no garden or court of any sort for the privacy of the Sisters. They have been hardly tried by sickness and poverty; their own pupils have turned against them and opposed them; and from some who might naturally have been expected to show them sympathy and to support them they have met with coldness and even unkindness. The work is too hard for the small number; but novices will scarcely come to such a place; and if they come, the misery and bleak discouragement around them is enough to break down the courage of any but the stoutest hearts. Humanly speaking, there is no hope of better days in store. The house is independent of the convents in the same diocese, and those have work enough and more than enough for their own inmates. It would seem as if there were

no prospect before these religious but to die out one by one, and, what is worse, to die out without seeing any result of the sacrifice that they have made. Yet when they have been asked to go elsewhere, and give up a field of labour so unprofitable and unpromising, they have shrunk from the invitation, not because it would be contrary to their rule to migrate to a more favourable situation, but because their hearts are attached to the place which has been to them a home of religious peace as well as of outward toil, failure, and disappointment. A community such as this proves the sterling merit of the religious system of an order more than a dozen grand and successful convents, prosperous in all their undertakings, and famous for activity and charitable enterprise. The outward work of the Sisters of Mercy may be imitated more or less successfully even outside the Church; but the interior spirit, the transparent simplicity, the gentle humility, the resigned patience, the purity of intention, the quiet obedience, the happy serenity, and cheerful peace, for which the true children of Catharine M'Auley are remarkable, can never be counterfeited.

The simple memoir from which we have drawn the materials for this sketch of the life of the first Sister of Mercy is full of interesting recollections which illustrate her character during this last stage of her career on earth. Charity was her favourite virtue; and we are told that towards the close of her life she was able to say of her religious Sisters, that the sun had never gone down on the anger of any, and that there never had been a breach of charity among them. She could not possibly have said any thing more significant of the solid perfection to which she had trained them. She was herself a pattern of condescension and humility. Though the Superior and Mother of all, she did whatever she was asked, as to tell a story or sing in recreation for the amusement of the rest. She seldom reproved severely. Once, after having done so, her conscience smote her with the thought that she had spoken too strongly; she sent for the Sister, and begged her to bring with her all that had been present when the reproof was given, and then, when they were all assembled, knelt down at her feet and asked her forgiveness. She was always perfectly serene and cheerful, even under the gravest external trials; and when her last surviving niece died, in the middle of one of the convent-retreats, she went on attending at all the exercises as if nothing had happened. Never, under any trial or care, did she let a trace of vexation or sadness appear in her countenance or demeanour at the ordinary recreation; her cheerfulness and winning playfulness were always the same. One so penetrated with charity could not but be deeply grounded in humility. She thought so little

of her own importance in the work of establishing the order, that at the time when every thing was beginning to prosper,—after the early difficulties had been overcome,—she offered to go and found a community in Nova Scotia, and to remain there herself. Her love of mortification was great; and her biographer mentions several exercises of that virtue which she habitually practised. Her devotion was deep, tender, and very simple; her favourite prayers were such as the Litany and Psalter of Jesus, and the Thirty-Days' Prayer.

It is easy to see that a person of such a character must have made herself intensely beloved by her religious children and companions. At the time of her death in 1841, there were but fourteen houses of the order in existence; and all of these but the two English foundations were in Ireland. She was therefore personally known to almost the whole order. Her death was not sudden, and she had for some time before, as it seems, been aware of its approach. She had, up to that date, had a great fear of dying, which was now, as is often the case, changed for a most perfect serenity and courage. But her loss was unexpected by her children, who could not persuade themselves that she was in danger. She, in fact, returned from the foundation of the Birmingham convent, in the autumn of 1841, only to prepare to die. "For the last six months," writes one of the Sisters present at her death, "she was herself well aware that she was dying; and since her return from Birmingham she cautiously avoided any thing like business. It is only by her acts that we can judge her mind. She was perfectly silent as to what she thought; arranged all her papers about a month or six weeks before, and said to Sister Teresa, on leaving the parlour, '*Now they are ready.*' About four on Thursday she desired the bed to be moved to the centre of the room, saying that she would soon want air. About seven she desired the Sisters to be brought to her; said to each one individually what was most suited to her; but her first and last injunction to all was to preserve union and peace with each other; that if they did, they would have great happiness, such as to make them wonder whence it came; told Sister Genevieve particularly (a venerable Sister, who entered Baggot Street in 1833 at the advanced age of fifty-three) that she felt exceedingly happy, as if to encourage her to die. She recognised all; told little Sister Mary Camillus (her godchild Teresa) to kiss her and go away, that she would see her again. She sought thus to prevent her from weeping. The Holy Sacrifice was offered in the room at about half-past eight. . . . I think her agony commenced about eleven o'clock. She spoke very little. . . . About five in the evening she asked for the candle to be placed in her hand: we then commenced the last prayers. I re-

peated one or two that she herself had taught me. She said with energy, 'May God bless you.' When we thought the senses were going, and that it might be well to rouse attention by praying a little louder, she said, 'No occasion, my darling, to speak so loud; I hear distinctly.' In this way she continued till ten minutes before eight o'clock, when she calmly breathed her last. I did not think it was possible for human nature to have such self-possession at the awful moment of death."

The character of Catharine M'Auley, as handed down by memory, and preserved in the artless and humble biography on which we have been drawing, is the most precious legacy that her children can inherit from her. Its chief strength seems to lie in its simplicity. It was this that probably preserved her through the trials to which her faith was exposed during her younger years, and kept her from being chilled and hardened while, for so long a period of her life, she was unable to practise her religion except in mere necessities, and was hardly allowed to make any open profession of it. Yet we find her, after she had passed forty, able to begin the work of mercy with which her name will now be connected for ever. What is still more remarkable is the pliancy and gentleness with which she allowed herself and her work to be moulded and directed by authority, without claiming any rights or dictating any conditions on the ground of the large fortune which she brought with her to the undertaking. It is to such characters that great providential works are often intrusted; and we often find them, as in her case, led on step by step without knowing whither they were going, because they have the privileges of the true children of Him who bids us take no thought for the morrow, and depend on His fatherly guidance with absolute confidence and perfect docility. Without knowing it, they find that they have established some institution which is to shine brightly in the annals of the Church; and have been used to give an impulse to some movement which swells into a mighty stream by gathering into itself the charitable yearnings of thousands of hearts. The history of the foundation of religious orders is frequently the same. A need exists; and up and down the Christian community there are a number of souls prepared by the instincts of charity and zeal to work for its supply. At one time they are waiting for the call of Dominic, at another for that of Ignatius, to enrol themselves into a sacred army for the defence of the truth; or Francis is to raise for them the standard of gospel poverty, or John de Matha and Felix de Valois to invite them to a crusade of mercy for the rescue of Christian captives. The bond of religious charity must knit them together; they must vow themselves to the following out of the evangelical counsels, and

then the great work will be carried on, by the blessing of God, from generation to generation. The instruments chosen by Heaven for the beginning of such undertakings are often quite unconscious of the designs of Providence. St. Francis of Assisi little understood his first call; the plan of St. Ignatius, though conceived so long before its execution, grew upon him, and the original scheme of preaching in the Holy Land was abandoned; St. Francis de Sales meant to institute an active order—much like what the Sisters of Mercy were to be afterwards—and found himself, in reality, the father of a glorious race of cloistered religious. The simple-hearted foundress of the Sisters of Mercy was led to her work by the most ordinary method of providential guidance, that of ecclesiastical authority; but neither to the Archbishop nor to herself was the religious character of the institution any thing but an afterthought. Here, again, was a great call on her simple docility, which enabled her to adapt herself to a novitiate, to embrace a rule not made for work such as hers, and to carry on her order to its complete establishment with an organisation that had, as it were, to be supplied piecemeal.

The order seems at present to be quite in the state in which she left it, both as to the spirit that animates it and the work which it undertakes. Perhaps the teaching of schools has become more evidently the chief occupation of the Sisters; and the changes in the educational system in England, together with the great demands now made upon the teachers under government inspection, have sometimes exacted from them very great and difficult exertions. Orphanages are here and there under their care: one of the best and most numerous inhabited is that at Old Oscott or Maryvale, where the situation is admirably suited for such a work. Pension-schools for middle-class girls have sprung up in some convents since the time of Mother M'Auley; the great need of the class of children whom they benefit making such work almost imperative on the Sisters. These, again, are recruited from time to time from their own pupils as well as from the pupil-teachers in their poor-schools. The multiplication of convents has made it, in some cases, difficult to supply them with novices; and we are sorry to say that the Sisters have no mercy on themselves, and so are often worn out at a comparatively early age. It is on these thin communities that the independence of the convents from one another presses most hardly. In one diocese at least in this country the defect has been met by having only a single great convent, and making the rest branch-houses, to which, of course, fresh Sisters can be sent from time to time, and a change of place and work provided for others. Wherever we have had the pleasure of knowing them, whether in large or

small convents, whether popular and successful or labouring under disappointment and difficulty, the Sisters of Mercy uniformly bear the deeply religious character stamped on them at their beginning, and their demeanour breathes the quiet peace, unaffected charity, and humble simplicity which marks them as the true children of their venerated and beloved foundress.

7.

Oxford and Cambridge Epigrams.

[These epigrams were occasioned by the marked difference made in his treatment of the two Universities by one of the Hanoverian Kings, who sent a troop of horse to Oxford, and, at the same time, a present of books to Cambridge.]

OXFORD.

THE King, surveying with impartial eyes
The state of both his Universities,
To Oxford sent a troop of horse; for why?
That learned body wanted loyalty:
To Cambridge books he sent, as well discerning
How much that loyal body wanted learning.

Latine.

Regia Musarum inspicies vigilantia sedes,
Quam bene disposuit munus utrique suum!
Granta, tuos libris prudens ditavit alumnos;
Militis armati, te, Rhedecyna, manu.
Huic nempe obsequium, sapientia defuit illi;
Floruit hæc doctis, altera mancipiis.

CAMBRIDGE.

The King to Oxford sent a troop of horse,
For Tories own no argument but force:
With equal care to Cambridge books he sent,
For Whigs allow no force but argument.

Latine.

Rex ideo turmis Rhedecynam implevit et armis,
Quod vires istic pro ratione valent:
Granta, tuas libris ornavit amantior aulas,
Quod tibi pro summis viribus est ratio.

7.

Nazareth.



SOME light-hearted pilgrims were cantering through the gently-sloping valleys and olive-groves which lead from Samaria to Dothan. They had spent the previous days at Nablous, the ancient Sichem, with its beautiful groves of fruit-trees and palms, its narrow bazaars and fanatical population, and curious Samaritan synagogue with its ancient Pentateuch. By the well of Jacob they had read the 4th chapter of St. John the Evangelist, and on the mount Gerizim they had witnessed that mysterious sacrifice, the last vestige of an ancient rite, so admirably described by Dean Stanley, that any account of it could be but a repetition. From thence too they had first caught sight of Hermon, with its dazzling snowy peak, and Tabor and Gilboa, and the lesser hills of Galilee, while the whole of Central Palestine seemed stretched out, as in a map, at their feet. From Nablous they had ridden to Sebaste (the ancient Samaria), and camped on a high tableland overlooking the surrounding country, close to the ruins of Herod's palace. A multitude of columns still remain to testify to the magnificence of that miserable king. Hard by are the remains of a church, now converted into a mosque, built by the Knights of St. John, whose broken crosses are still to be seen embedded in the walls. A flight of steps conducts the pilgrim to the prison where St. John the Baptist is said to have been confined, and finally beheaded.

And now the road leads them, through fertile pasture-land and past inland basins of rain-water covered with wild-fowl, to Jenin, with its beautiful date-palms and olive-trees and orange-groves. But the inhabitants were surly and fanatical. From a cave in the rocks two of them had pointed their long guns at the cavalcade as they neared the village; but on being pursued by one of the horsemen, armed with a revolver, they rapidly retreated. The travellers rested during the heat of the noonday sun in a park-like ground, with fine trees, by the side of a rushing stream; but their occupation of it was disputed by the inhabitants; and finding that the only eligible spot for pitching the tents had been secured by the servants of the Duke of M——, they resolved to push on a few miles further, and camp at Jezreel. A straight route, four miles in

length, leads direct to the city—now in ruins—and to the remains of Ahab's watch-tower; that very route by which "Jehu the son of Nimshi" was seen "driving furiously." They found that their dragoman had pitched their tents on the rocky site of what is supposed by tradition to be Naboth's vineyard. But here uncomfortable tidings awaited them. The escort promised by the Sheik of Jenin had failed to make its appearance, being engaged in checking a raid and revolt on the other side of the valley; and a hostile tribe of Bedouins, with their long low black camel-hair tents, were camped in a wooded bottom, scarcely half a mile from the halting-place of the travellers. A council of war was held with the Sheik of Jezreel, who agreed to allow twenty or thirty of the principal inhabitants (*moyennant* a handsome "backshish") to act as guards during the night. Every precaution was taken; the tents pitched in a circle; the horses and mules picketed in the centre; and watch-fires were lit all round the encampment. The younger portion of the party, heedless of danger and wearied with the heat and the long day's ride, very soon forgot their alarms in sleep; but their elders watched all night; and well it was that they did so; for at one o'clock in the morning the alarm was given that the Bedouins were upon them. It was only a reconnoitring party, however; and finding the Europeans on the alert, and the native guard valiantly patrolling and shouting out their national war-cries, they wheeled round and rapidly galloped back to their tents. Fearful, however, that they might return in increased numbers, the travellers resolved to leave their insecure camping-ground as early as possible; so that four o'clock of the following morning found them in the saddle on their way to Nazareth. Winding down a steep hill, they came upon the great plain of Esdraelon, which is more than twenty miles in extent, and capable of the finest cultivation; but, under the sway of a powerful Bedouin sheik, it is reserved for the pasture-ground of his tribe; and the few peasants, who, armed to the teeth, were ploughing little patches here and there or tending small flocks of sheep, pay a heavy black-mail to the marauder for even this scant courtesy. Shunem, a miserable village, surrounded with a hedge of prickly-pear, was quickly passed; but our travellers lingered at Nain, where a rude cross marks the spot on which, in ancient times, a church was erected by "the gate of the city," where that wonderful miracle of love and tenderness was performed by our divine Lord. A fountain remains, where the Arab girls were filling their pitchers and poisoning them on their heads with their usual native grace. A burial-ground, still used by the Moslems, is shown to the right of the village; and on this very path must our Lord have met the

sorrowful procession as it passed out of the gate. From Nain the travellers came to Endor, with its caves in the rocks, which seem as if they must be unchanged since the time of the witch's residence. Here a glorious view burst upon them,—Tabor, with its low round green top, and its base skirted with dwarf oak, ilexes, and arbutus; high above it, glistening in the sun, rose the conical peak of Hermon, "white as snow," with the Kishon dividing the valley beneath, and Carmel forming the barrier to the left; while to the right lay the long low range of Bashan, "beyond Jordan." It is a magnificent panorama, and brings before one the imagery of the Prophets and of the Psalms more strikingly than almost any other part of Palestine.

Quantities of storks were feeding on the green patches in the plain, while here and there eagles and hawks soared above their heads. But one of the ladies of the party was ill; she had been suffering from fever ever since leaving Jerusalem; so, in order to expedite her journey, the guides suggested that the travellers should take a short cut to Nazareth, up a steep and somewhat rugged path, by the Mountain of Precipitation, while the baggage-mules went round the longer way by the plain. In an evil hour this proposal was acceded to, and the ascent begun; but very soon the road became impassable for the horses; in their efforts to scramble up the precipitous rocks the saddle-girths broke, and the travellers were compelled to dismount, greatly to the increased suffering of their invalid, who fainted repeatedly on the road, and caused them the gravest anxiety. It was with immense thankfulness, therefore, that, on reaching the summit, after two hours of painful exertion, they perceived the white houses of modern Nazareth nestled in a gorge between two hills; and with still greater joy found themselves at the door of the Franciscan convent, where the usual hearty welcome awaited them, and the Duke of M—— gave up his own rooms to afford more comfortable accommodation to the suffering lady. The illness became serious, and detained the party three weeks; and during the whole of that time the thoughtful care of the monks, and especially of the kind old Spanish doctor and the venerable Padre Guardiano, exceeded belief. The latter literally spent his days in devising little luxuries and alleviations for the invalid. The earliest asparagus, the first strawberries, the brightest flowers,—even some scented soap and toilet-vinegar, which had been presented to him in bygone days by some enthusiastic lady-pilgrim, were ransacked from his stores for the benefit of the sufferer. When she was well enough to be moved homewards, he arranged a litter for her to enable her to reach the sea-coast without fatigue. And this lady was neither of his own

country nor of his own creed! Yet pilgrims have been found to say harsh and bitter things against this kind old man and his Franciscan brethren, to complain of and find fault with their hospitality, to grumble at the food, and to throw discredit generally on their order, thereby causing them grievous pain and disquiet.

But to return to our travellers. It was the 4th of April—the 25th of March had fallen that year on Good Friday, so that the great festival of the Incarnation had been remitted to that day. From the earliest dawn, the beautiful church of the Annunciation, with its high altar, raised on a double flight of steps, and its beautiful shrine below, leading to the house of the Blessed Virgin, had been thronged with kneeling figures. The women were unveiled—for Nazareth, like Bethlehem, is essentially a Christian town. They were all dressed in gay colours and holiday costume, with strings of gold coins round their necks or wound in their dark hair. They covered every inch of the steps leading to the sacred subterranean shrine, where a star marks the spot—"Hic Verbum caro factum est"—a broken column suspended from the roof indicates the place where the Blessed Virgin was kneeling when Gabriel—God's chosen messenger—appeared before her.

Here were spoken those words in which she accepted her sacred mission, and with it her share in the sufferings of the redemption: "Ecce ancilla Domini; fiat mihi secundum verbum tuum." Words as fruitful as the first "Fiat" pronounced by the Creator, when, in His omnipotence, He made the world; for, by her humble acquiescence in the Divine will, she consented to the conception, by the Holy Spirit, in her immaculate womb, of the Creator Himself made man.

Here lived St. Joachim and St. Anne; here St. Joseph; here, in a word, was the home of the Holy Family. Here our Lord, after His return from Egypt, lived thirty years of that sacred hidden life; here "erat subditus illis," living in the profoundest submission to his Virgin mother and his supposed father. And this place, where the great mystery of the Incarnation was accomplished, what was it but a poor humble home, in a quiet village of a land reduced to the condition of a petty province of the great Roman Empire; nay more, even in this land Nazareth had become a byword of contempt and reproach!

High Mass was over, when the Padre Guardiano came to propose to our travellers to visit the other spots which make Nazareth a place of such deep and thrilling interest to every reader of Gospel history. Their first visit was to the synagogue, where our divine Lord, having read in the Book of the Prophet Isaias the words regarding Himself,

sat down and expounded them to the people, who "wondered at the gracious words which proceeded from His mouth." This synagogue is now converted into a Greek church, supposed to have been built by Tancred, who was prince of Galilee during the temporary Christian occupation of the Holy Land. From the synagogue they passed on to St. Joseph's workshop, now a little chapel, rudely furnished, but where Mass is daily said by one of the Franciscan fathers. From thence they walked to the table or rock popularly called "Mensa Christi," where our Lord is said to have dined with His disciples both before and after the Resurrection. It is on the summit of the city, and a tiny chapel has been erected close to the stone. The Padre Guardiano then led the way to the Fountain of the Madonna, which is situated at the eastern entrance of the town, and is the only spring of fresh good water existing in Nazareth. Here, by undisputed tradition, the Blessed Virgin daily came during those thirty years. Here, again, must her divine Son have constantly accompanied her. Groups of women now, as then, were filling their pitchers at the fountain; looking like the ancient Bible pictures of our childhood, and dressed precisely as the Blessed Virgin is perpetually represented by the early masters—in red dresses and blue drapery, a white square cloth covering the head. In every walk, at every turn, in the streets, or on the hills, or in those flowery valleys, one seems to realise the presence of both the Mother and the Son. In the beautiful words of a modern traveller—"Nazareth was the nursery of One whose mission was to meet man and man's deepest needs on the platform of commonplace daily life;" and every step of that "daily life" becomes ennobled in the thought of Him who trod the same path.

Coming home, our travellers visited the convent of "Les Dames de Nazareth," who have a large orphanage, admirably managed, not far from the Franciscan convent; and among the children are many sufferers from the terrible Lebanon massacres. The Superior pointed out one little girl, with dark and earnest eyes, whose mind had never recovered from the shock and horror of that scene. Her father had been murdered while endeavouring to save her; and his brains had been dashed all over her face, which the poor child was continually rubbing, as if to wipe away the horrible remembrance. These nuns were most kind in their offers of service to the sick lady at the hospice; and afterwards volunteered to receive her in their little home at Caiffa, previous to her embarkation. A beautiful Benediction, sung by the sisters and orphans, closed a walk so full of absorbing interest.

The following morning our pilgrims were early in the saddle, and again, under the guidance of the kind Padre Guardiano, were ascending

the steep and beautiful path leading to Mount Tabor, which is a ride of about two hours from Nazareth. The hill-sides were perfectly pink with the delicate linum, the cistus, and other spring-flowers. The shape of Tabor is that of a truncated cone, the base being thickly fringed with dwarf oak, ilex, and arbutus. The ascent is difficult and painfully rugged; but the view from the summit repays all the toil. On one side is stretched the great plain of Esdraelon, with the little village of Deborah the Prophetess, which still bears her name, nestled under the great hill; on the other, the village of Cana and the plain of Zabulon, the Mount of the Beatitudes, and the beautiful lake of Tiberias glistening in the sun; while beyond are the mountains of Hermon and Lebanon, and the cities of Safed, Bethulia, Naphthali, and Cæsarea Philippi. The ruins of no less than three fine churches remain on the top of the mountain, one of which has lately been restored by the Greeks. But the Padre Guardiano led our party to the one to which tradition points as the actual scene of the Transfiguration, and there celebrated the holy sacrifice.

The Mass over, the party breakfasted under the shadow of the ruins, on a smooth greensward, which formed the flat summit of the mount, and then reluctantly proceeded to leave the sacred spot and descend the hill. Here the Padre Guardiano left them, to return to Nazareth; while the pilgrims continued their road towards Tiberias, resolving to pay a visit on their way to Achill Aga, "the Sheik of sheiks," as he is called, whose black tents were stretched out on the plain at the base of the mountain. This mighty Bedouin chief virtually owns the whole of the surrounding country; and the Porte has found it both politic and necessary to make a treaty with him, so as to insure the safety of the travellers and of the dwellers in the plains. He is a remarkable man, with a frank and pleasing exterior, and has the reputation of being both generous and brave. A kind of native *durbar* was being held when our travellers approached; but Achill Aga rose with stately courtesy, and conducted the ladies to a divan raised at one end of his tent. On a signal from him, cushions, coffee, and other refreshments were noiselessly brought. In the mean time various other sheiks made their appearance, all of whom prostrated themselves on their arrival before Achill Aga, and submissively kissed his hand. One of these chiefs, a man of a singularly cruel and forbidding aspect, was the sheik of the tribes in the plain of Esdraelon, and had 600 mounted horsemen day and night ready to fulfil his behests. He was at the head of a far more powerful people than Achill Aga; but the moral influence of the latter compelled an outward show of submission.

Coffee and pipes having been discussed, Achill Aga offered to

show the ladies his harem; and a black eunuch was summoned to escort them to a neighbouring tent, where a singularly handsome woman, beautifully dressed, and with large pearls round her neck, was waiting to receive her guests. Having no interpreter, however, signs were obliged to take the place of words with the ladies; but it needed no explanation when a black attendant produced a beautiful child, of two or three years old, just woke out of its sleep, at the sight of whom the mother's love shone out unmistakably from the bright eyes of the Bedouin lady. Achill Aga afterwards produced, with natural pride and pleasure, the watch and pistols given him by the Prince of Wales; and then proceeded to show-off the mares and foals which were pastured round the camp, some of which were of priceless value. In the mean time a kind of guard of honour had been prepared for our travellers, who amused them by a variety of feats of horsemanship, throwing their long lances, and executing a species of war-dance, as they wheeled and doubled round and round the party, and occasionally rode races with the younger and best-mounted of them. The sun was still high in the heavens when the pilgrims found themselves at the base of the Mount of the Beatitudes, after crossing the plain of Zabulon—that plain so fatal as being the theatre of that last disastrous battle which decided the fate of the Christians, and ended the reign of the Crusaders in the Holy Land. The field below the hill is the one in which our Saviour is supposed to have walked and gathered the ears of corn on the Sabbath-day, to the scandal of the proud Pharisees. Ascending the Mount of the Beatitudes, a Carmelite priest, who was of the company, recited the fifth chapter of St. Matthew, sitting on the stones which mark the ruin of an ancient church built by the Crusaders on this sacred spot. The whole of the Sea of Galilee appeared stretched at their feet, forming, with the violet colour of its surrounding mountains, the most beautiful panorama possible. The hill on the opposite side of the plain was pointed out by the guides as the scene of the miracle of the Loaves and Fishes; but the pilgrims, being anxious to reach Tiberias before nightfall, gave up the idea of ascending this also, and followed the winding track, which led down a steep and precipitous hill to the sea-shore.

Tiberias is a fortified town; but the walls and forts have been nearly destroyed by a succession of earthquakes, which have, however, spared the church. Rebuilt by Herod Antipas in honour of Tiberius Cæsar, it was once a royal city of great importance, but is now reduced to a few miserable houses, inhabited by a race of fanatical Jews. Our party camped on the sandy shores of the lake beyond the town, not far from the thermal springs and baths supposed to

have been built by the Emperor Vespasian. The next morning early one of the party, following a native guide through a cleft in the wall of the city, made her way rapidly through the deserted streets to the little church built in honour of St. Peter, on the very spot where our Divine Lord is said to have given him the keys which were henceforth to bind or loose the whole Christian world. This site has been held in veneration ever since the second century; but the actual church was built by Tancred at the time of the first Crusades. It is in the form of a ship ready for launching, and the waves of the Sea of Galilee beat upon its prow, but have never yet prevailed: fit emblem of the Bark of Peter, which all the powers of hell and of the world have conspired to attack, but failed to overthrow. There is a little hospice attached to the church, occupied by a Franciscan priest and a lay-brother, with a beautiful view from the terrace on the flat roof of the house. But their position is a painful one, surrounded by a singularly fanatical population, mainly consisting of Jews, who, in their long dressing-gowns, and with their cork-screw ringlets, scowled at the pilgrims as they passed down their streets. Two beautiful fair boys, with the faces of cherubs, served the Mass; but the congregation was scanty and poor, and fever had decimated the Christian residents. After Mass the party again mounted to ride along the shores of the lake, which were fringed with oleanders, pink and white, in the fullest blossom, and with beautiful double and single hollyhocks of different shades. A party of Achill Aga's men, armed to the teeth, accompanied our travellers, singing war-songs, and occasionally galloping furiously forward, as if to attack them, when, suddenly reining-in their horses, which were brought down almost on their haunches, they would remain immovable, with their long lances crossed in a point on the ground, in token of respect and courtesy. An escort was very necessary along these shores; for hostile tribes were about, whose raid on the cattle of the unoffending fishermen Achill Aga's men were about to avenge, and their scouts were seen lurking here and there among the ruins. Passing by Magdala, a small village with nothing remarkable about it, save the ruins of an ancient watch-tower, our party came, after an hour's ride, to Bethsaida. A ruined mill alone marks the spot so full of interest as the birthplace of St. Peter, St. Andrew, and St. Philip, and as the spot where St. James and St. John were called by the Saviour, while "mending their nets," to their high place in the Apostolic College.

Another half-hour brought them to Capernaum, that city so full of reminiscences of the daily life of our Divine Lord during His three years' ministry, that scene of so many miracles, and yet that

city the eyes of whose people were blinded that they saw not, and on which, as on Bethsaida and Chorazin, the woe was emphatically pronounced by the Saviour—that woe so literally fulfilled; for not one stone remains upon the other, and it has been “more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon” than for them. A little further on, they came to the place where the Jordan empties itself into the lake. Close by is a heap of stones, which mark the site of Chorazin, of which all that can be said was said by the guide to our travellers: “*Una volta era qui!*” Above their heads, perched on the side of the mountain, was Safed, the city “set on a hill,” which “could not be hid.” Every foot of this ground is sacred to the eye of faith, every mountain and stone teems with its sacred imagery. Returning to Tiberias, our travellers felt that their pilgrimage would be incomplete without going on the lake, and so hired a clumsy boat, one of the only two existing, which looked primitive enough to have been there since our Saviour’s time, and for which the Jewish proprietor demanded an exorbitant price. The day was lovely, the heat intense. Nothing could equal the stillness of the scene or the desolation of the shores; but the lake is proverbially treacherous. Only two days before, a storm had suddenly overtaken a similar party, who, in this unmanagable tub, were saved with difficulty. A few fishes were caught by the boatmen as they lazily rowed towards the south of the lake, past the ruins of the town of Tarichea and the land of the Gadarenes to the mouth of the Jordan on the opposite side; and then back again to the town of Tiberias, where the tents were already folded on the baggage-mules, in readiness for the return towards Nazareth. The temptation to linger by the lake had overcome the usual prudence of our travellers, and mid-day found them only half-way to Nazareth, exposed to a burning sun, and with a scanty supply of water to quench their thirst. One of the younger ones, with less endurance than the rest, at last threw himself from his horse, declaring his inability to go on any further. But he was compelled to remount, and the whole party galloped as quickly as the road would allow till they reached Cana, and with it the only spring of good water to be found between Tiberias and Nazareth. A beautiful broken sarcophagus lies by the fountain, where some cows were drinking, whom the weary cavalcade quickly displaced. Their thirst at last quenched, they proceeded to visit the house, or rather court, which was the scene of the first miracle—a building recently purchased by the Marquise de ——. A church was formerly erected on this spot, of which a few broken arches only remain; but some large water-jars were lying in the court, exactly of the shape and size represented by the painters, which completed the picture or “composi-

tion of place," in the minds of the pilgrims. From Cana, a beautiful ride through a wood of dwarf oak, arbutus, and myrtle, leads to Saffurieh, the ancient Seforis, where are the remains of a fine old Roman castle, and a magnificent decorated church dedicated to St. Anne, the mother of the Blessed Virgin, whose native place was Seforis. A steep and rugged road conducts the traveller from Cana to Nazareth, winding up a narrow gorge, where the horses can barely keep their footing on the pointed sloping slabs; but the view from the top, looking down on Nazareth and the plain on the one side, and Cana and Seforis on the other, is unequalled even in that land of beautiful and sacred memories. One more quiet Sunday did our travellers spend in that spot so associated with our Blessed Lord's boyhood and youth; and then the time came for them to leave their kind hosts and pursue their journey to Carmel.

After early Mass, one of the travellers crossed the court and entered the convent-parlour, where she was to take leave of the Padre Guardiano. She found him carefully packing for her the "Sacro Bambino," that waxen image of our Lord's infancy, which, manufactured annually for the Grotto of the Nativity, remains at Bethlehem during the whole of the solemn octave in that sacred shrine, and then, with the seal of its authenticity attached, is sent to Nazareth, and from thence, year by year, forwarded to churches in far-off lands. Gratefully does she accept it for a church very dear to her heart in her own land, the beautiful church of the Oblates of St. Charles, where she received her first teachings of Catholic truth. And then she stood listening to his few parting words of kindness and loving counsel.

"I have nothing of value to give you, my child," said the old man in conclusion; "nothing but this, the Breviary given me by the Bishop who ordained me in the Tyrol many years ago. See—it has the picture in it of my patron-saint, St. Wenceslaus; and of our Franciscan brethren who were martyred in Japan. Take the book and read it, if you can, *daily*, in remembrance of me. You have been so accustomed to say office with us, that you will have little difficulty in finding your places. Some day I hope you will be admitted into the third order; and then, you know, our office will be incumbent on you."

Sorrowfully the English lady received his parting gift and blessing, and mounting rode away. As she reached the brow of the hill she looked back, and still saw the brown figure of the kind old monk standing watching her from the convent-door. It was the last time she was to see him on earth.

A few months later, a malignant fever which broke out at Tiberias

carried off the Franciscan priest who served the little church of St. Peter there. The Padre Guardiano instantly set off to replace him till a successor could be appointed. But the same poisonous air rapidly filled his veins: he fell sick the following day, and in less than twenty-four hours the end came. He died alone and untended, save by a poor Greek priest, who came to administer to him the last rites of the Church. Yet surely other ministries waited, unseen, around that dying bed; and, the dark river past, those words must have echoed in his ears: "*Euge, serve bone et fidelis; quia in pauca fuisti fidelis, supra multa te constituam; intra in gaudium Domini tui.*"

Early Days of an Artist.

"TURNER," says his biographer, "had the good fortune to be the son of a barber:" meaning, I suppose, not exactly that a barber's son must needs be fortunate, but that he was happy in being born among the working-people of this world, and so preserved from that state of social idleness which is the most deadly of the foes of genius, inasmuch as it precludes all necessity for the toil and trouble by which alone its full power can be properly developed.

His father, then, was a barber, and a native of Devonshire—that county which had already sent Reynolds and Northcote to the artistic world. His mother is said to have been of gentle blood; though it is hard to reconcile that statement with the fact that one of her brothers was a Brentford butcher, and the other a fishmonger in the town of Margate. William Turner, the artist, was born, in 1775, in Maiden Lane, a dark and narrow street, where house-tops almost meet in their friendly endeavours at nodding to each other, and where inhabitants on opposite sides can converse in whispers from their open windows; where the fog rolls in heavily long before the fall of night, and where in winter the sun, like an unpopular monarch, seldom shows himself in person, sending a few deputy rays to do duty for him at noontide, or allowing himself to be altogether superseded by the oil-light or gas of human manufacture. It had not, however, always been the low quarter that it is at present, and that it was in the days of Turner's childhood. It had once been the very heart of what in olden times represented the "West End" of London. Durham Place, where Raleigh lived, and the mansion of the Cecils, were close at hand; and Southampton Street, into which it opens, had in yet later times been the residence of Congreve and Garrick, and Mrs. Bracegirdle, in the days of her highest fashion as an actress. Maiden Lane, moreover, had celebrities of its own to boast of. "Honest Andrew Marvel" wrote to his constituents from Maiden Lane; and Voltaire, a less pleasant character to think of, resided at the sign of "The White Peruke" what time he snubbed poor Congreve, and in his turn was epigrammatised by Young.

Those who fancy that the early scenes of childhood exercise a

strong influence on the after-character of the man, may well deem it strange that one of the greatest painters nature ever boasted should have been born amid crowded streets, and that Turner, who loved nothing so well in his artist-life as to depict the Ocean, should never in his early days have walked beside it, never have inhaled its invigorating breezes, never have watched it in its changing moods or sent a longing eye over its broad expanses, never have dreamed of sea-weed and rosy shells upon its bosom or wreathed corals underneath it, never, in short, have known aught about it in the first decade of his life. Perhaps the rule of contraries may count for something in the matter. There is such an innate consciousness of nature in every human breast, that the veriest city-child who ever drew breath within its walls feels his pulses quicken when men talk of the country; and he has an almost intuitive knowledge of the fact that outside the murky mass of buildings, which enclose his young life as in a prison, there are free spaces under the clear air of heaven where flowers blossom and birds sing, and children, fearless of magistrates and policemen, disport themselves in delicious liberty. Bring such an one as this suddenly face to face with Nature, and he will be probably far more alive to her fascinations than another who has gazed upon her from his cradle, and so grown somewhat callous to her beauty.

And such an one assuredly was Turner. So strong was the love of Nature which she herself had planted in his bosom, that it only acquired strength from its long suppression; and when at last he left the city and flung himself, giddy with joy and breathless with admiration, in fields knee-deep in clover, or down by the sea-shore at Margate, the beauty of those new revelations must have stamped itself on his artistic brain with a vividness and vigour which the fondest and earliest recollections of childhood could hardly have bestowed.

Long ere that day arrived, however, one little glimpse of her hidden treasures kind Nature had managed to bestow upon her favourite son. Covent Garden being close to Maiden Lane, the boy-artist, while other children of his age and standing played pitch-and-toss, tormented orange-women and upset their stalls, may have lingered enraptured over the manifold productions of earth and sea brought hither for the use of the wealthy. He who in after-times did not disdain to spend hours in the successful foreshortening of a dock-leaf must indeed have found ample food for his artistic eye in the gold-and-silver glittering of fish yet panting from the ocean, in the rustic beauty of baskets piled high with vegetables and fruit, in the many-coloured blossoms arranged into dainty nose-gays or flung

together with a "grace beyond the reach of art;" and when the Christmas-times came round at last, in the shining green leaves and scarlet berries of holly-bush and laurel piled together in gigantic stacks, and relieving at once, and by contrast heightening, the dead whiteness of the winter snows.

It is said that Turner could use a pencil before he knew how to write; but even if it were so, there is nothing very startling or marvellous in the fact. All children as a rule love to play with pencil and with paper; but as a rule also, their first attempts are mere aimless strokes, and without a hint from a more experienced hand, they seldom attain to any idea of form. It was this idea of form, therefore, which made the real distinction between Turner and other children of his age. It seems to have been in his young head almost from the beginning, and must have sprung there spontaneously, for hints from older persons he was not very likely to have been favoured with. His father, the "busy little barber of Maiden Lane," plied his trade unceasingly; and when he had succeeded in giving a good cauliflower-shape to his customers' perukes, had in all probability achieved what was *his* highest conception of the beautiful in form. His mother was a shrew—and something sadder still, all the latter half of her poor life having been passed in an asylum. This is a fact indeed which should never be forgotten in the due estimation of her son's character in after-life. Turner was hardly five years of age when that idea of form to which I have before alluded began to develop itself most decidedly. His father, so runs the story, had been sent for to dress the hair or the peruke of a Mr. Tomkinson, a busy little pompous patroniser of the arts, and great himself in the article of pianos—the Broadwood, in fact, of the days in which he flourished. He resided in Dean Street, Soho. He had a coat-of-arms too, had Mr. Tomkinson, or at all events he had bought one. This coat-of-arms was richly emblazoned on a table of inlaid wood, which happened to be in the room where Mr. Tomkinson received his barber. Among other strange inventions of the heraldic mind, that shield contained a lion such as never flourished save in heraldic fancy; a lion rampant or upright, and apparently standing on its own tail, with fiery eyes and bushy mane, and all the colours of the rainbow dashed over his mottled hide. Red, blue, and green—the great colourist of future years could not take his eyes off a beast so splendidly depicted; and it was slowly and reluctantly, when the barber's task was over, that he turned from its contemplation and followed his father back to his dingy domicile in Maiden Lane. But he carried away the image in his mind's eye; and ere that same day had faded into night had produced and presented to his admiring

parents a very respectable imitation of the many-coloured king of beasts which had so ravished him in the morning. He was pronounced a born genius on the spot, and henceforward, to all neighbourly inquiries as to what he was about to make of William, the little barber, dancing on his toes, as was his wont when joyfully excited, replied without hesitation or misgiving, "William, sir?—Yes, sir, William is to be a painter."

William probably thought so too; and the pencil, having once been compelled to obey his bidding, was seldom or never permitted afterwards to be idle. We hear little or nothing, however, of its further achievements until two years later, when he was sent, in consequence of ill-health, or of the mental state perhaps of his mother, to reside with an aunt—the wife of the gentlemanly Brentford butcher. There, at a day-school at Brentford Butts, he commenced his education, and there his love of art, stimulated perhaps by the first sweet country breezes he had ever scented, broke forth beyond concealment or control. For Greek and Latin he had no great liking; and to the end of his days his English spelling was incorrect—a weakness which he shared with Reynolds, though without the same excuse, for the laws of orthography had been thoroughly laid down before Turner commenced its study; and Johnson, like a great tyrant as he was, had left it in no man's power to spell or to mis-spell according to his fancy. If Turner, however, lagged behind other boys in graver studies, his artistic education made rapid progress. While *they* cast longing eyes towards the playground, and dreamed vividly of batting and of balls, *he* watched the clouds wistfully as they drifted in huge masses across the skies, or gazed upon the branches of the mighty elms bending and swaying beneath the same breeze which sent them on their way through heaven; or he dreamed of the rainbow, which he had seen perhaps on some bright April morning from the schoolroom window, or passed in loving review before his mind's eye every fair tint of colour which Nature scatters among her flowers, from the "shining crimson" of the rose to the silver paleness of the lily.

Strange to say, his companions had some sympathy with these artistic dreamings—a proof that he was not always the reserved individual he afterwards became—for schoolboys have rarely any tenderness to bestow upon beings less open and joyous than themselves. This sympathy, too, they manifested in a way which showed it must have been something more than a mere passing sentiment; some among them occasionally undertaking that Latin theme for which he had so little liking, while he drew surreptitiously from the schoolroom window. His biographer tells us that he owed much

to those first days spent in the country. Doubtless he did; and that they awakened and fed his love for Nature, and excited him to sketch her sweet face for himself instead of servilely copying her features as he saw them reflected in the works of other artists. How fair the long avenues of Bushy Park, with its double row of pyramidal chestnuts and their candelabra-like clusters of white flowers must have shown to the boy-artist the first time he walked beneath their shadow! And the fast-flowing river, the white swans that floated on its surface, the cattle reflected in its limpid pools, the dark clustering elms and daisy-speckled meadows, surely they made his heart sing for joy within him, and deepened almost to loathing that distaste for London which prevented him all his lifetime seeing any fit food for poetry or painting in its dull myriads of red-brick houses. Certain; at any rate, it is, that the recollections of Twickenham haunted him to his dying day, and that it was to Twickenham he came, when weary of the smoke and noise of London, to refresh his languid senses and to bathe them anew in the translucent air which had refreshed and invigorated his childhood. But the charms of cloud-watching and surreptitious drawing were not destined to be his for ever; and a day came at last when the little barber reappeared at Brentford to claim his son and to bear him back, like a recaught bird, to the hot city from which he had been so joyous to escape. Later on, however, he was sent to Margate, then a wild sea-village, supposed, in the non-existence of railroads and telegraphic wires, to be at an almost immeasurable distance from the great Babylon of the kingdom. And there he first saw the sea, which he loved afterwards all his life long so well to paint. There he watched it in all its varying moods,—now placid and blue as the skies above it, now white and angry, and rolling in long resounding billows up the beach. There, too, his cloud-studies were resumed, and he could mark, without fear of chiding, the shadows—blue, green, and inky-black—which they cast upon the waters. There, with a boy's eager fingers he picked up shells and drifted weed, and listened, as he walked along, to the distant moaning of the ocean, and dreamed, to the utter forgetfulness of all outward circumstances, of the mysteries of poetry and beauty which lay hid within its bosom. The boy was not alone, either, in these sea-side rambles. A schoolfellow often walked beside him, and one whom he loved better than any schoolfellow—a girl, who, little as he thought about it then, was to form the sunshine alike and deepest shadow of all his after-life. Just then, however, she was only his playmate, and nothing more. A dear, gentle, sympathising little girl no doubt he thought her; but nothing more!

It has been said that no man is a prophet in his own country;

and for the same reason, perhaps, genius is seldom so kindly encouraged by the family in which it germinates as by outsiders of the domestic circle. It is therefore infinitely to the credit of the "little barber," that, far from trying to lower the mind of his son by forcing him to follow his own calling, he did his best to aid him in his higher flight, and to send him fairly forward in that career for which nature had so evidently intended him. He made him attend, in the first instance, a drawing academy in Soho Square; and later on, he sent him to a school kept by old Tom Malton, most of whose pupils were intended either for architects or engineers. Tom Malton was a clever artist; and Turner used to say afterwards, that he owed all his knowledge of perspective to his tuition. Nevertheless, it is a fact that his education was considered at the time a failure; and that Malton not merely failed to discover the genius of his pupil, but that he went one step further, and stigmatised him as a dunce. The fault probably lay more with the master than the scholar; or, still more probably, it lay between them. There are minds among masters which, however well they may be stored themselves with knowledge, lack the proper ability for imparting it to others; and again, on the other hand, there are minds among scholars which require some especial mode of training before the intellectual machinery can be set in motion. Once fairly started, it goes on rapidly and smoothly enough; but if the key to the intellect be not discovered, every effort proves abortive, and master and pupil part with a mutual sense of dissatisfaction in each other. So it was with Turner and his professor. Whether there really was some fatal want of sympathy in their minds; or whether it was that the boy, just fresh from the broad ocean and rioting in its glittering recollections, could not compel his fancy to the dull study of mathematics, certain it is that he never succeeded in crossing that bridge which is the terror of the school-boy mind; and that failing in every attempt to do so, Malton returned him, sad and crest-fallen, on his father's hands.

But perseverance, not to call it obstinacy, was one of Turner's especial attributes as a man; and even as a boy he was not easily to be turned from a favourite pursuit. His father believed in him still: and at his earnest entreaty Malton once more received him as a pupil; always, however, with the same result. His young brain was by this time in a whirl of perplexity; and he had lost that power of calm application by which alone, in such a case, success could be secured.

Destined one day to be professor of perspective to the Royal Academy, he proved himself, at this precise moment of his life, unequal even to elementary geometry; and Malton sent him back once more

to his father, with the despairing but kindly-intended counsel to make the boy a tinker, a tailor, a cobbler, or a barber—any thing, in short, save that one thing which his soul aspired to be, and which he afterwards so thoroughly became—a perspective artist.

Even this repulse did not check his career. He had that consciousness of the right stuff within him which has often, before and since, saved genius from breaking down beneath the dull criticisms of loving friends. He would not give in; and his father, to his credit be it recorded, backed him nobly. Old Tom Malton might sneer down his boyish efforts, and pronounce him just clever enough to be a cobbler: he knew that God had given him an artist's soul; he hoped, some day or other, to have an artist's hand to give expression to its dumb music; and he persevered.

Even then, and under the pressure of Malton's disparaging remarks, Art was beginning to reward her boy worshipper by some faint glimmerings of success. Smith, an excellent mezzotinto engraver, employed him, as well as the boy Girtin, afterwards Turner's dearest friend, in the colouring of prints; and drawings moreover, purporting to be copies from Dayes and Sandby, the successful water-colour men of the day, were pinned up in the barber's shop, and elicited not only praise but also pence from customers, innocent of all thoughts of art when they first placed themselves in the barber's chair. Porden, the builder of George the Fourth's Brighton folly, employed him in embellishing his architectural designs; a process which the boy seems to have accomplished easily enough by splashing in blue skies and gravel-walks, with grass, and dock-leaves, and all sorts of leafy "litter," in the foreground. Porden found his designs go down all the better with his customers for these slight improvements; and with a show of liberality more apparent than real, he offered to take the lad without premium in the capacity of apprentice. But the barber proved himself quite as good a hand at a bargain as the architect; and rightly guessing that a boy worth taking without a premium must have a certain money-value of his own in the market, he wisely resolved to keep him to himself. But though he declined Porden's offer, it seems to have turned his attention for a moment towards architecture, young Turner being sent soon afterwards—not, however, I believe, as an articulated apprentice—to Mr. Hardwick, the designer of St. Katherine's Docks. The boy submitted outwardly, but his whole soul was in rebellion against the decree. His artistic powers were striding rapidly towards maturity, and every day he cared less to copy. The dull work of embellishing other men's designs began to pall upon his fancy. The vigorous artist-soul within him was tumultuously asserting its own powers, and he was longing to be up and

doing; longing to stand face to face with Nature, and to force her, by fair means or by foul, to unveil her coy beauties to his gaze.

Mr. Hardwick read the boy's struggles in his wistful eyes; and more generous than Porden, he went to old Turner and strongly recommended him to send his son to the Royal Academy. His advice was taken; and once admitted to the Academy, and allowed to copy in the studio of its President, young Turner was fairly started in his art-career.

He was at Somerset House on that memorable day when the floor fell-in during Sir Joshua's lecture; and, curiously enough, was close to the President in their hurried retreat from the room. Doubtless, therefore, he heard and admired, as a boy would naturally admire, the answer which, true to his placid temper and undying love of art, Sir Joshua made to some one, who asked him of what he first thought when the crash occurred. "I thought," quoth the President, "that if we all had perished, art would have been thrown back five hundred years in England."

Sir Joshua Reynolds was closing his career at the very moment when Turner was beginning his; and he had barely time to copy two of his wonderful portraits, when that sad morning came on which the President laid down his pencil never to resume it. Lady Beauchamp was then sitting for her portrait, but it was never finished. Even as he pursued his task a film came over the painter's eyes, and the fair form that he was sketching seemed to swim and grow pale before him. Then he felt that his hour was come; the sitter was dismissed, the doors of the studio closed, and Turner left, with other students who had haunted it, to seek such advancement as they needed in their art elsewhere. To a commonplace talent this might have been a misfortune; to Turner it was probably the reverse. He thus lost his last temptation to be a copyist; and left to his own devices, his good genius prompted him to go straight to Nature, and draw inspiration fresh and sparkling from her fountain. With the boy Girtin, whom we have already mentioned, he now spent many a long summer day upon the Thames, sketching whatever of graceful, or fantastic, or imposing met his eye, and laying up a store of recollections which afterwards served him well, when he took his place as Nature's best-loved painter, to hold the belt for England against all competitors. The long winter evenings were spent almost as pleasantly, and quite as profitably, at the house of Dr. Munro, one of George III.'s mad doctors. The "good doctor," as Turner always styled him, is said to have seen some of his early sketches at the barber's, and taking a fancy to him and his inseparable companion Girtin, often invited them to draw at his house, giving them half-a-crown a-piece and a

capital supper as the reward of their evening labours. He gave them, indeed, more than money, for he gave them that which money could not purchase—the chance of studying and making sketches from the great masters of other days. Wild landscapes from the pencil of Salvator Rosa, and tender and touching ones from that of Gainsborough, adorned his house; and his portfolios alone contained mines of instruction for the young aspirants. There, we are told, Girtin found the Canaletti drawings of London and Venice, which he loved to imitate; and there Turner studied at his ease the Loutherbours and Sandbys, which he commenced by copying, and finished by excelling.

This friendship between Turner and Girtin, to which we have already more than once alluded, is a very pleasant feature in the character of the former. He seems to have loved this first companion of his artistic days with a sincerity and fulness of affection which men are perhaps never more capable of feeling than when, like Turner, they are reserved and shy, and therefore somewhat chary in its outward show. He admired his talents, too, with an unselfish and ungrudging spontaneity, which is not, unhappily, always to be found in the judgments of even friendly rivals. His love, in fact, made him constantly tend towards an almost undue appreciation of his friend's powers and an equally unfair depreciation of his own. "Never in my whole life could I draw like that," he said once to Chambers Hall, alluding to one of what he called "Girtin's yellow drawings;" "and yet I would at any time have given my little finger to be capable of doing so."

Girtin, young as he was, soon discovered his own value; and probably Turner and Dr. Munro between them helped him to the knowledge. He knew it so well, in fact, that he refused at last to fulfil his apprenticeship to Dayes; and being committed to Bridewell for breach of contract, employed himself in covering his prison-walls with frescoes, which brought half the city of London to behold them. Among a hundred others, the Earl of Essex came; and delighted with what he saw, he went off at once to Dayes, bought up the lad's indentures, and coming back to prison, burned them before his eyes. From Bridewell he carried Girtin down to Casshiobury, where, free and happy, and lapt in such regal luxury that he used long afterwards playfully to pretend it had spoilt him for humbler dwelling-places, he pursued his artistic career without further molestation. Turner, on his part, set up for a drawing-master; an attempt that proved to be a signal failure. He was too reserved to be capable of pleasantly and easily imparting knowledge, and far too chary of his art-secrets to be willing to barter them for a poor couple of half-crowns.

It was, moreover, one of his favourite maxims, that those who could not understand a hint would be none the better for a bushelful of advice; and as far as pupils were concerned, he seems to have acted thoroughly on this idea.

Abandoning himself to his own thick-coming fancies, he left his pupils pretty much to their own devices, only waking up now and then to frown or give faint praise, as the case might seem to need it. Such things, however, are not the sum-total of what men look for in an instructor; and one by one his pupils left him, to seek a more practical, if less gifted master. This attempt at teaching may have been connected with the matrimonial engagement which ended so unhappily for the young painter, strewing ashes on the very bread he earned, and casting a shadow over the most brilliant successes of his life. That little girl, whom he had loved long ago at Margate, still possessed the heart which she had so unconsciously won when they wandered together by the ocean-shore, picking up its tangled weeds, and listening turn about to its far-off moanings in the thick-lipped spiral shells which it carried to their feet. Such childish love, it has been often said, never survives the days of childhood; and this is true enough in most cases. But here, as in many other things, Turner was an exception to the rule. Slow to care for any, and reserved with even his most familiar friends, he had yet a heart which never proved faithless to its first affection. This boy's love of his had grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength. It was connected with his youngest and brightest recollections; with days of sunshine, snatched from the smoke and fogs of London; with expeditions in tiny cockle-shells of boats, pushed adventurously far from land; with breezes fresh from the foaming waves; with the dance and ripple of bright waters; and with all that makes the gladness and joy of the seaside life to the eager mind of boyhood.

And perhaps that ocean itself was dearer to him for the recollections it ever brought him of the young and innocent affection which had risen like a morning-star over the day-dawn of his early youth. They had parted long ago at Margate, with childish vows of constancy until death; and meeting again, as youth and maiden, renewed the engagement in a more solemn and binding form. But they were far too young and poor to think of marriage yet, and so they were once more forced to sunder. He went to London, to push his fortune in the world; she remained to that far harder lot, of waiting and of weeping. The moment their means were sufficient for the purpose the marriage was to take place; and in the mean time it was settled that they should correspond. But she had a stepmother—a stepmother not much older than herself perhaps—who envied her the fresh young

fortunes of her coming life; for Turner, it must be remembered, was not in those days the dry eccentric artist years and trials made him afterwards, but a well-featured resolute-looking youth, strong enough to make his own way in the world, and kind-hearted enough to smooth it as much as might be for the woman who intrusted herself to his guidance. Perhaps, after all, the stepmother only wished a richer husband for the girl; or perhaps she had a private grudge against young Turner. Certain it is that she proved false to both, and that the letters which he addressed to his betrothed never reached her hand. Postage was not in those days what Rowland Hill has made it now. You could not then get a pennyworth of news from your friends; and small enough was the quantity to be had even for a shilling. Turner was probably both too poor and too busy to write often, and this made the fraud practised upon him comparatively easy. He may have marvelled at the silence of his betrothed, but it never occurred to him to doubt her. How should it? She was the one great faith of his life, the sole creature whom he trusted. Men who doubt every thing and every person else have not uncommonly some especial favourite in whom they settle all their faith; and it is strange how much more confiding, in that one instance, a suspicious man will be than any other. Turner was a suspicious man, and he never doubted; his betrothed was probably any thing but suspicious, and she doubted, and did more! True, she had a stepmother to pity and moan over her, and to hint that she was forgotten, and perhaps forgotten for another. For two long years she waited, devouring her grief as best she might in silence and in weeping. Then came the reaction. Wounded pride took the place of love in that sorrowful lonely heart; and in an evil moment she forgot her child-troth and her plighted vows of later years, and promised to wed another suitor. Turner heard of it at last, and rushed back to claim his bride. "Too late! alas, too late!" So she told him, in sorrow and in tears!

Too late!—though he indignantly repelled the charge of fickleness, and proved that if he had had one iota less of confidence in her, the fraud which had divided them would have been long ago discovered. Rightly or wrongly, she deemed herself bound to the man whom she did not love; and rightly or wrongly, she left the man whom she did love to his lonely lot. Turner left her, vowing never again to put love or trust in woman; and prophesying, with a sad true prescience of the human nature in him, that his life would be henceforth without happiness or hope. And so, in fact, in one sense it was. That disappointment crushed out all that his heart possessed of youthful joy and freshness; it hardened the best side of his nature, and turned the worst into stone. Under any circumstances he must have achieved

success; but if his youthful love had prospered, it would have come to him through a softening and sanctifying medium. He would have seen his fame reflected in the bright faces of his wife and children; and seen thus, it would have been happiness.

As it was, it came to him with the cold lustre of a northern sun, lighting, not warming, the empty places of his heart, making the inner darkness darker still by its contrast with the glare outside; and teaching all who care to learn, that fame and happiness are not of necessity such inseparable companions as young and eager aspirants after both are naturally inclined to think them.

Literature in its Relations with Religion.

IN an age in which Literature daily claims to exercise more of social power, it seems desirable to ascertain what are its chief relations to that for which society, no less than the individual, exists—Religion. On the present occasion we do not profess to treat this great theme in its completeness. While putting forward what seem to us important truths, it is necessary to remark that certain converse statements might also be made with truth. It is not in one mode only, but in several—and these of a very different character—that Religion and Literature affect each other. The same remark applies to many things beside. For example, true patriotism finds its highest support and sanction in religion; while yet it is certain that one of the most forcible charges brought in early times against Christianity was that it exercised an influence unfavourable to patriotism; an influence which indeed it must ever exert against the sentiment as understood by the mere worldly mind. So, again, friendships of an ardent character may be favourable at one period to a man's religious condition, and yet at a more advanced period of religious progress may exercise a retarding influence upon it. In affirming that it is in religion that literature finds its noblest inspiration and its steadiest support, we neither deny that religion may at certain periods tend also to supersede literature, nor would we conceal the fact that it has always exercised, unless its just authority has been disowned, a restraining as well as a protecting power over its noble nursling.

Still less do we mean to imply that literature has ever acquitted itself of its debt to religion. However high its claims may be, its responsibilities must rise in the same proportion. They have never been frankly met and adequately discharged by the fully-developed literature of any period. No nation yet has produced a literature worthy of being called Christian, as a whole; and during long periods the literature of more nations than one has been Pagan, and sometimes worse than Pagan. In modern times governments have more often made a religious confession than literatures have done so; and it is well known how wide, at best, has commonly been in their case the interval between the confession and the performance. The Christian Faith and the Christian Church have encountered no more envenomed enmities than in the diseased literatures that have hung over diseased nations,

like a mist over a swamp. Should an opportunity of discussing that part of the subject present itself, it will not be difficult to show that there are two great main causes whence proceed the prevarications which have so often changed letters into a curse; and that these are no other than those two great seductions by which individual souls have also been most desolated, viz. Sensuality and Pride; the former chiefly affecting the literature of southern nations, and the latter that of northern. Literature has, like man, its Original Sin, which is ever the prolific source of transgressions in detail, and still more abundantly, of omissions. But it has also, like man, its heavenly origin, and its *mens melior*. The brighter theme is that which now lies before us; but it must ever be remembered that the elevation which literature in its ideal form may justly claim is the severest condemnation of its shortcomings and rebellions. Literature has often been false to religion, but never without being false to itself at the same time; often noxious to society, especially in the periods of its false glories, but never without being likewise suicidal.

Taking, then, literature in its highest sense, as the recorded and careful utterance of men and of nations, their selectest and most harmonised yet spontaneous utterance, when dealing with those problems the vital importance of which, as well as their nearness to our sympathies, compel utterance, what is the origin of literature? Many persons, especially in modern times, would refer that origin to mere love of excitement, to the instinct of activity, or to intellectual vanity. Others would attribute it to sources not more elevated; and they would have spoken too often with a show of reason. Yet assuredly we are not to form our judgment of any thing from its degradations chiefly. To estimate it aright, we must contemplate it in the light of that idea which determines its true character.

If we would know the true origin of literature, we have but to bear in mind the origin of human intellect itself. That intellect is the attribute of a creature made in the Divine Image; and it is the faculty through which his whole being is irradiated with light and truth. It could never have been intended, therefore, to occupy itself chiefly with material objects. The first man walked with his Creator, and all things in this world were made subject to him. It was not assuredly among those inferior things that his thoughts habitually dwelt. The lower world of sensuous objects constituted but a language through which he interpreted that higher world of spirit which was his spirit's home. Contemplating them with this piercing insight, he saw, through them, their inner meanings; and his eye was not permanently stayed upon the outward form. No book was needed then, for Creation itself, transparent in the symbolic language

of its divinely-ordered forms, lay as a volume ever open beneath the eye of its new-created lord. Where his descendants spell out feebly a letter or a syllable in that language, he read the words in clear succession. He found in Creation an image of the Uncreated Word; and all that he read in nature's face was a hymn to her Maker's praise. As the unfallen man saw, so he spake. Nature was a divine language, through which the Creator revealed Himself to His creature. Language became conversely the voice by which all nature, speaking through man, her representative and high-priest, offered up to her Creator the tribute of her confession and veneration. We are told that when God made all His creatures pass before the eyes of their new master, that master assigned to them names. He could have done so only in virtue of an insight which descried in each creature its proper character, and of an impulse through which he attested and stamped in words the character so descried. In this act we find the type of all human language, and of literature as the selectest and most developed product of language. Even in his fallen condition it has ever been given to man, and to him alone of mortal creatures, to discern the interior meaning and essential character of the objects that surround him, and of events no less, looking through the sense and reaching to the spirit, and to express in language what he has so discerned. Among the objects of the mere outward sense man has ever felt himself to be but a sojourner. His native home has been elsewhere. His noblest language has been the translation of material objects into their spiritual representatives taken from the region of thought. His highest literature has therefore been the sigh of the captive, or the song of the wayfarer on his pilgrimage. He has ever felt things above him to be nearer than things around him, and things below him to be his, only when raised to his level by a transforming power that made them cease to be mere material objects.

To sum up what has been said—Creation itself stood forth to unfallen man the primary *revelation* of that Creator in whose Image he was made. The radiant scroll needed no interpreter so long as man looked upon it with eyes invigorated by the unblunted light of supernatural grace. When he became a rebel against that high grace, the lower part of his nature rebelled against the higher. Intelligence, disowning faith, was dethroned by the passions. A cloud rose up between man's eyes and the universe. That universe hung before him as an orb in eclipse, clad in darkness, with disastrous and minatory aspect. Nature, no longer an open volume, needed an interpreter. Literature became its interpreter. Her mission was comparatively an humble one, for it was with nature chiefly that she

dealt; yet to her too was accorded, so far as she was faithful to her trust, a gracious aid, calling past things to her recollection, and also leading her on into truth. In science and in song her assiduous labour was to interpret aright the dubious aspects of nature, and make clear that mirror which had once reflected the Divine Countenance. That she did not labour wholly in vain is the testimony both of profane and of sacred letters.

However the empiric or mere man of the world may smile at a philosophy which, in endeavouring to trace literature back to its source, is not content till it has mounted to those high and luminous table-lands on which heaven and earth seem to meet, nothing is more certain than that we have no choice except between such an estimate of it and one that is, in essence, materialism. We may follow whichever we prefer of two distinct lines of thought; but we must also reach its close. An Epicurean or a Cynical philosophy (the latter being but the former turned sour) must needs form an Epicurean or a Cynical theory of literature. The path which they prescribe will lead us down a swift descent, and trace literature to a stagnant source amid the flats of our sensual nature. Such a theory would be plausible were all literature like that which has been corrupted by the two chief diseases already referred to, which prey upon it,—sensuality and pride. But were that theory a true one, assuredly literature would have won for herself no permanent place among the Humanities. Humanity is not mere mortality. It is that common ground of being in which an immortal spirit stands united to mortal clay. Whatever, therefore, belongs to the Humanities must deduce its origin from a region in which the immortal part of our nature is adequately represented. So considered, its defections and aberrations will constitute but a single instance of that battle which, with alternate successes and defeats, has ever been waged between the higher and the lower portions of man's nature. If literature be, in its archetypal form and its nobler aspirations, a lesser temple, in which all that belongs to the larger temple of the creation stands epitomised and claims reverence, then indeed we may well grant that the contrast is painful when we look in upon the defilements with which the inner chambers of that temple have been so often debased. This may be granted; but what does it amount to, except what would have been anticipated not only by Christianity, but by a philosophy which recognised a conflict between the better mind in man and the corruption which clogs its every movement? The marvel admitted, it is surely not more marvellous than that the fanes of religion herself should in old times have sunk into a house of idols, or that, where an authentic religion was maintained, and hard by the pre-

cinct of the sacrifices, the money-changers should have possessed themselves of the Temple.

The most exalted estimate of literature is the only one which leaves it any rational place to occupy in the system of things. For what is literature but the speech of man reduced to method and recorded? and what is speech but the utterance of man's soul? It is the soul that speaks; the body but supplies the mechanical instrumentality. Genuine literature, then, must be yet more inwardly the work of the soul, since there is more of forethought about it than accompanies ordinary speech. Once more: if speech be the utterance of man's soul, upon what subjects does that soul utter itself? It can find but three: the world around us, that is nature; the world within us; and the world above us. In discoursing of outward objects, as Divine Providence makes them pass successively before the eyes of the individual, or of the whole race, we too, as has already been remarked, like our first parent when the animal creation passed before him, have to assign to them "names." These names, or descriptions, what are they but the account rendered by the human intelligence of the visible objects around it,—of their meaning, their functions, and their end? The chief of these objects is Man. We see the radiant apparition emerge out of darkness and pass once more into darkness. We see the child with his playthings, and, ambushed near him, the task he cannot elude, the destiny that never averts its eye from him. We see the youth with a world for his plaything; and, insurgent all around him, a storm of passions, any one of which is competent to create or obliterate a world. We see the man with his many labours, yet not deserted by the heavenly guardian of his youth;—and lastly the wrinkled being, feeble as childhood, and evanescent like a dying melody. Through the mirror of our intelligence the vision passes in mournful transit. We give it a name; and that name is, *philosophy*. We gaze again. This time it is not an individual that passes before us, but a race. In long procession its successive changes follow each other beneath our ken. It is a family; it has become a tribe; it grows into a clan; it swells into a people; it is matured into a nation; it expands itself into an empire. All its chances pass before us: the internal strife and the external; the sufferings that were but growing pains, and the wound that nothing could heal; the prosperity that rewarded industry; the feebleness that followed prosperity; vice, and the suicide that vice ends in; the decay, and the dissolution. The vision has passed; we give it a name; that name is *history*. Or the vision is of Nature, with her numberless angel-like ministrations—her awakening fountains, her shades, her mountains, her inspiring billows and

overawing caves. Every one of these, as it passes, has its special gift to man—a cheering influence for the weary, a benign calm for the tumultuous, a shield for the timid, a summons to the brave, an oracle to the vigilant intelligence. As these ministrations pass before us we give them names; and those names are *poetry*. The largest description, the most varied illustration, are still but names expanded; and in them lurks a power which reminds us how nearly allied are *nomen* and *numen*,—that gods have been Names, and that Names have wielded godlike might.

The necessity for so naming them is deduced from the essentials of human nature. Without so naming and knowing them, we should be cut off from all practical intercourse with outward objects, or rather the intercourse of man with nature would be reduced to that between the slave and his lord. The less we knew of nature, the less we should be able to master nature through her laws; and the more, consequently, we should, through our physical necessities, be mastered by her. If, then, man's speech as regards the external and visible world be an interpreting power, without which the due relations between man and nature would be reversed, need we ask whether it be necessary that that speech be a true speech, and that the "names" which he assigns to surrounding objects be in harmony with their real nature? The need of a true and worthy speech is yet greater when the office of language is to reveal the world within us than when it has but to interpret the outer sphere; and is greater in the same proportion as the world of thought excels in dignity the world of the senses. Still higher becomes the necessity for an adequate speech, when it relates neither to nature nor to finite spirit, but to the infinite, the eternal, and the absolute. Human speech, then, whether it deals with the world around, within, or above us, or with the mutual relations in which the objects of these three worlds stand to each other, is a function and a franchise belonging primarily to man's spiritual being; and to exercise it with reverence is an essential condition of really exercising it at all. Man's speech belongs to the animal part of man's being only when it has been perverted from its true office, and when its marvellous and transcendent origin, functions, and destinies have been surrendered "in sad metempsychosis to the brute." It is not wonderful that he should deal with the divine gift of speech as he has too often dealt with the other attributes of his nature; or that a low philosophy, founded on a low practice, should in the one case, as in the other, exercise its ingenuity in deducing what belongs to man's spiritual being from an origin merely material.

We all know the theory, equally remarkable for the scepticism

and the credulity it displays, by which a certain class of materialistic philosophers account for the origin of human language. They find it more easy to believe that mankind invented language and grammar, or that the pile built itself up by gradual accretions, than to believe that speech constituted a part of man's original being—a divine gift ministering to a divine end. How, previously to the use of language, there existed among men that concert necessary in order to carry out this great conspiracy in favour of civilisation; or how, upon the theory of progressive accretion, it was found possible to build, when there existed no first stone on which to lay the second, they omit to state. These do not exceed, however, the difficulties we have to encounter in the defence of the analogous theory respecting literature—such a theory, namely, as would make it but an ingenious contrivance, proceeding chiefly from the lower part of man's nature, not the utterance of his total being, the spontaneous voice of his intellect, imagination, and soul, the higher being the predominating influence. Indeed, all that has been said respecting the origin and office of speech itself applies with undiminished force to literature. If speech finds its origin in body, we need not suppose literature to be properly the voice of the soul. If the one was intended but to amuse us, or enable us to transact our external affairs, so doubtless was the other. If Truth be not essentially connected with the origin and function of speech, or if Truth itself can exist as a mere material veracity without a support from what is spiritual in man, then literature must share the degradation of speech: it too must be free to give to all objects spurious names; it may reason rightly or wrongly, as it pleases; it may lift up the heart of man to his native region and heavenly home, or labour like a drudge in the palace-prison of the baser appetites. But if we reject this theory, which without the aid of philosophic pretensions approves itself at corrupt periods of literature to the logic of man's instincts, then we must be consistent in our turn. We are by no means called on to believe that literature should concern itself with its more exalted themes alone. We may even hold that to confound the provinces of literature and religion is the gravest injury to both; but notwithstanding we must attribute to literature a spiritual origin, and a scope consistent with that origin. If neither directly nor indirectly it contributes to the moral elevation of man,—if it maintains no harmony, however remote, with his spiritual being,—literature must be accounted but the incontinent babble of nations.

But to vindicate the exalted origin of literature we are not thrown exclusively upon speculation. We have distinct evidence on the subject from three other sources beside,—from revelation, from history, and from practical influences daily at work around us. We

know upon a divine testimony that every good and perfect gift comes from above. Among such gifts that which trains the intelligence of man, and so largely affects his social relations, must surely have a place: nor can it more efficaciously come to us from above than by descending upon our daily life through the more elevated part of our being. Next to religion, literature is a nation's light: if that light becomes darkness, the darkness is deep indeed; but if it remains a light defying the storm, and not stifled even when in part deflected by the gross vapours around it, why may we not say of it that it comes from the "Father of lights"? Its original dignity is attested by the fact that God Himself, in giving a revelation to man, selected Letters as one of the two great instrumentalities through which that revelation was perpetuated. As among institutions He created one institution, the Church, and secured it by His indwelling Spirit from the frailties which subvert all institutes beside, so likewise in the midst of the various literatures of the nations He built up one literature, the inspired Scriptures of His elect people, and secured it, through the same Spirit, from the errors that affect all literatures beside. But in both cases alike what He has done has been effected, not by visibly miraculous agencies, strange as angelic interventions, but by the consecration of elements that already existed, and by a gift sealing them against contamination. As the Church is human Society itself, divinely recast in the mould of the second Adam,—the antetype and sanction of all societies, from the earliest bond of clanship to the noblest development of national existence,—so is it likewise with the inspired volume; and sacred literature, while it supplies the defects, corrects the errors, and directs the forces of all literature beside, attests at the same time its dignity by sharing, while it redeems, its nature. The word "Bible" means the *Book*. In it alone the genuine office of books is expounded to us. Nations, and secular literatures, belong alike but to the natural order; but in that inferior order they are images respectively of the Church and of the Bible. Their true significance and lofty origin are disclosed to us by the unblemished creations which they represent; and with that significance, of course, their shortcomings are disclosed no less.

On this subject—the elevated origin of literature—history speaks plainly, whether we consider Hebrew literature or that of the Gentile world. Every department of letters mixes itself up historically either with inspired documents, or at least with sacred traditions. Among the Hebrews, literature not only stood connected with revelation, but was identified with it, the uninspired portion of it being little more than an expansion of the inspired. Where a revealed literature challenged the chosen nation, there a merely human literature fell into

a subordinate place; and though it existed, it existed but as a satellite, less illuminating than irradiated by the central orb. Among the Hebrews poetry flowed from an inspired source. Shaken in musical triumph from the cymbal of Mary the sister of Aaron, an earlier Magnificat, it sounded the pean of a nation's deliverance:—passing over the harp of the royal minstrel, it carried with it every emotion that could stir the religious soul, from the princely spirit of confirmed faith and love to the humblest sigh of love made known in penitence. If we seek for philosophy and ethics, we have but to turn to the Prophets, in whom we find a truth in its nakedness stronger than it could be in armour, and of a dignity which exceeds what it could derive from the court-robcs of a stately rhetoric; a truth so pure that every isolated text sparkles like a gem; so piercing that every verse has a message for each of us; so manifold that as often as we study it from a new point of view we find in it a new meaning; so unostentatious that in the dry statement of a fact there lurks more of suggested wisdom than in piles of laboured argument. If we seek for history, we find here the only complete one which the human race possesses. In it we follow a nation, in many respects the great type of nationality, from its earliest origin in the family to its more enlarged existence, through all the successive stages of the tribe, the commonwealth, and the monarchy. In this history alone the breast of a nation lies transparent before us: we trace action and suffering to their secret springs; we weigh contingencies in a balance not human but divine; we measure the deeds and fortunes of men by a measuring-rod taken from the sanctuary; our attention is not stayed upon secondary instrumentalities, but is directed at once to primary causes; and we learn that a nation's strength is from above, and that adversity is at once the consequence of unrighteousness, its punishment, and, when rightly used, its indulgence and expiation.

Hebrew history is not only the sole complete, but the sole true history possessed by man. To what does it owe this distinction? Not solely to the fact of its being an inspired, but also to that of its being a religious history. Looking forth on the vast and various field of human action, it selects the true *point of view*. In all history alike the facts narrated must ever bear but a small proportion to those omitted. The truth of history must therefore depend largely upon two conditions: (1) the adoption of a right principle in the selection of facts recorded, and (2) the use of a right method in the grouping of these facts. These two conditions necessarily presuppose that the historian has occupied an eminence sufficiently lofty to command the whole field of human relations. It is in religion that history finds that eminence; for religion alone "looks before and after," seeing

causes and consequences in one, and clasping the total destinies of man. Were it possible to write a universal history, it would by necessity prove a religious history; for while each separate nation has its special character and proper interest, religion is that universal element which belongs to them all. That which would prove the sole common interest in the history of the world must needs be likewise the supreme interest in the history of each nation. Hebrew history, in making religion its vantage-ground, selects a point of view the opposite of that which the world selects, but selects also the only true one, elevation and truth being in such matters substantially one; and while the worldly historians present us with a lively and dramatic picture of that which *seems*, religion alone exhibits the steadfast image of that which *is*. It vindicates the true idea of history—an idea to which the monastic chroniclers, though without the advantages of inspiration, have at least had the merit of being faithful. The connection, then, between Hebrew history and religion is not to be regarded merely as an incidental fact of past times; but as one of those instances in which the true function of an art stands revealed by its highest exemplar. The religious character of Jewish history indicates to us what *literature* requires as well as faith.

The books of Moses illustrate the essential connection between literature and religion with yet more significance than the rest of the Hebrew canon, because they include the earliest traditions of the human race, and thus disclose to us the earliest movements of the human mind. The circumstance that these books are inspired detracts nothing from the significance (relatively to the subject of our inquiry) of the fact that in them we find the noblest specimens of poetry, of philosophy, and of history. The various departments of literature do not lose their proper nature, because in those books they are "clothed upon" with a more celestial nature, and named by new and nobler names. In them poetry soars into hymn and thanksgiving psalm; and philosophy is divinely informed by theology. In them history mounts to the highest ground of sacred record, and seems often to touch upon the border-land of parable, because those earliest records became *inclusively* parables of God's dealings with man, from the circumstance of their being the most typical memorials of man, and, as such, preserved when the rest were lost. There is perhaps no book which so memorably illustrates the religious origin of literature as the book of Job, by some accounted the oldest of all books. In it poetry, philosophy, and history, not only exist in their highest forms and most unfallen purity, but they coexist and interpenetrate each other; thus representing that original unity of literature which existed when literature and religion were blended like light and heat in the sun's

ray—long before the white beam had been passed through a prism, and in its division had given rise to the various departments of letters.

But we have yet another witness to summon. The evidence of history respecting the religious origin of literature is hardly less plain when we turn to the Pagan literature of the ancient world. In Egypt, and in various countries of Asia, the earliest if not the only literature seems to have been religious. It was what was needed as an accompaniment of religious rites, or it transmitted in a legendary form at once the chief ideas of religion and the chief records of the nation. Such was the case likewise in the earliest Sanscrit literature. In it the basis of all learning is laid in theology; the drama itself, as in the instances of *Sacotala* and the mystic *Chrishna*, being a nursling of the temple. In China, as in India, the earliest literature, like the earliest legislation, rests on a religious foundation. In Greece, above all, where the human intellect reached its utmost development, literature found its origin on the heights of religion. The earliest Greek poets, whose works have for the most part perished, were mystics who in hymn and legend celebrated the marvels of the unseen world, or interpreted the dark ways of nature to man. Such, from what is recorded of *Orpheus*, of *Museus*, and of *Linus*, we may believe to have been the original Grecian conception of poetry and its office. No poet is more human-hearted than *Homer*; yet, though the higher ideas of the Pagan religion are said to have been sensualised in his familiar song, and the transmitted truths to have lost much of their spirituality, it is not the less true that he could not sing of men without singing of a divine power too; that human life, as set forth by him, is a struggle between visible and invisible forces; that however he may incite to vain-glory or flatter unworthy passions, yet valour, patriotism, hospitality, and many a virtue beside, are also enforced with a religious sanction; and that, according to his teaching, an earthly life, cheerful, generous, and devout, was but the prelude to immortal existence. In *Hesiod* the supernatural holds a yet larger place. We know him chiefly as a writer on the nature of the gods; nor is it possible to read such narratives as belong to his theogony without perceiving that beneath the veil of allegory the Grecian mythology preserved and embodied numberless momentous truths. So deeply was this felt by *Lord Bacon*—no extravagant admirer of the ancients, and the great pioneer of a philosophy very different from theirs—that he devoted one of his most remarkable works, less known than it deserves to be, entitled "*The Wisdom of the Ancients*," to the elucidation of the mythological legends, in which he discovered innumerable illustrations of religious, of social, and even of political problems.

To appreciate, however, the mythological department of Grecian literature, the origin and root of the whole, it is by no means sufficient to regard the ancient fables merely as symbols of recondite truths arrived at by the contemplative faculty of man. The truths thus emblemed were a portion of that primal Revelation bestowed by God on the human race. The original patriarchal religion, we must ever remember, was in essence the Christian religion, though the great Mediation and Sacrifice which connects the two was regarded by the one in anticipation, and is contemplated by the other in retrospect. Thus religion was ever founded on a faith in the promised Messiah; and in it the doctrine of the Trinity was adumbrated, if not revealed. How many other Christian ideas it contained we may infer, not only from Judaism, but in part even from Paganism. In proportion as the Fall continued to bring forth its fruits, the primeval religion corrupted itself. It became encrusted with the superstitions of an idolatrous fancy, and it loosened its grasp of that authentic teaching originally confided to it. The same Babylonian confusion took place by degrees in religion as had taken place in language, and the various Pagan religions remained but the broken dialects of what had once been a single and authentic speech. The various nations preserved best the great truths which were most in harmony with the character of each, losing sight of the rest; and among them that chosen people upon which God had set His seal, that it might be a witness against the growing corruption, stood sole and apart, holding in their unity, and exempt from error, the truths which the Gentiles held in separation, and withstanding the Gentile tendency to idolatry.

Our theme at present is only with this, the nobler side of Pagan mythology. We must never, however, forget that there was a darker side to it, on which it was the especial duty of the early martyrs and fathers, who contended with a paganism but half dead, to insist. Evil spirits had taken possession of the Gentile shrines. They had turned to their own account both the deepest instincts and the most sacred traditions of man, and thus rendered themselves the objects of an idolatrous worship. It has always been through good perverted, not through pure evil, that the spirits of delusion have worked. It is thus also that, in the modern Gentile world, where the national principle has burst loose from the sheltering restraint of the religious, heresies are founded, not upon pure error, but on great truths, *usurped*, as it were, distorted, and separated from the parent stem. It is not, however, with this momentous part of the subject that we have now to deal.

The reason the religious origin of Greek literature has been so

imperfectly appreciated is doubtless to be found in a kindred error respecting Greek mythology. Those who in that mythology perceive nothing but the absurdities or superstitions which lie on its surface could not be expected to recognise the religious side of a literature derived from such a source. The error, however, has produced other and more dangerous consequences. It is a fact that the Pagan religions contained many high ideas, if not principles, which are to be found also in the Christian; and this fact is of course one which required to be accounted for. An infidel philosophy accounted for it by supposing that Christianity stood on the same level with the Pagan religions, and was, like them, to be referred to superstition and imposture. Into this error fell such writers as Middleton, who, by way of assailing the Church, had insisted on the obvious analogy between some of her ceremonies and various Pagan rites, and who did not perceive that the argument must go further than they intended, since the resemblance in question does not affect the ceremonial only of the Church, but many of the chief ideas authoritatively put forth in her teaching, and especially the great ideas of Sacrifice, of an Incarnation, of an ascetic life, of immortality, and of retribution. The difficulty which an infidel philosophy thus accounted for is of course to Christian philosophy no difficulty at all. The Christian Scriptures expressly tell us that Man was originally one family, and possessed one religion, which was his by revelation. They tell us, moreover, that that religion, and the sacrifices which constituted its worship, were based upon the primal promise respecting the "Seed of the Woman;" and that the full development of that religion was reserved for a time far later than that of its first revelation. Lastly, they tell us that all the races of mankind corrupted their ways; and that owing to that circumstance, and with a view to their restoration, it was necessary to separate a single family from the rest of mankind, and make it the depository of pure religion. These three statements being admitted as the Christian hypothesis, it is plain that such a resemblance as exists between the Pagan religions and the Christian is the strongest attestation to its truth, and one the more valuable since it is derived, not only from an independent, but from an adverse witness. But it is plain no less that, in proportion as an exalted origin is thus attributed to the great main ideas of the Pagan religions, however distorted, the religious character of Classical literature is likewise vindicated. In all countries alike, from Greece, with its classic imagination, to the wildest dreams of Scandinavian Scald, early literature clustered itself around those ideas which supported the national worship. If, then, the primary ideas connected with each national worship were largely deduced, in spite of manifold

corruptions, from the stem of the original revelation vouchsafed to man, it follows that in every nation, literature, as well as worship, was a broken dialect deflected from the patriarchal religion.

To its origin in religious traditions we are to attribute the fact that Greek literature began with its poetry. The same fact is noticeable in other literatures also, and is to be referred to the same cause, viz. that poetry lends itself most easily to religious purposes, though in its perversions it becomes the most insidious enemy of religion, because its most plausible rival. It is thus too that we are to account in no small part for the permanent and universal interest that attaches to Greek poetry. The charm of a fairy tale soon passes away; nor do the wildest marvels of romance attract the imagination long, for we soon discover the soundness of the saying, "Truth is more marvellous than fiction." That which imparts a permanent value to the legends of Greek poetry is not the wonderfulness of the fiction, but the universality of the truth veiled under fiction. The mysteries of which it sings are the deep things of the human heart, and the sphinx-like problems of nature, which man feels that he must solve or die. If Saturn, who devours his own children, means Time, as Lord Bacon affirms, and if Jupiter, his son, who dethrones him, means Knowledge, is not the warfare between time and knowledge a warfare that concerns us as well as those who lived in the olden days? If that bright-haired divinity who harmonised heaven with his lyre, and was the lord at once of prophecy and of the healing art,—if he be indeed the witness to the universal desire of mankind, and to their belief in a greater Power, whose dwelling is light unapproachable, whose voice is the harmony of all worlds, but whose utterance condescends likewise to be the voice of prophecy and helpful counsel, and whose light "carries healing on its wings," is not this mythus more near to the heart of man than the facts that start up around us each day? Let us glance at the fable of Hercules. If that heroic deliverer, whose human birth belied his high descent; who in his cradle strangled the serpents sent to torment him by his mother's foe; whose matchless yet solitary labours built cities, slew monsters, reclaimed wastes; who crossed the sea in the frailest of barques, and died amid flames on the mountain-top, a dread and mystic sacrifice,—if he indeed records the belief of mankind in a Deliverer greater than Alcmena's son, who was to bruise the serpent's head, to conquer the world's monsters by labours and by sufferings, to pass over the troubled sea of time in the fragile barque of a mortal nature, and to ascend to a higher heaven from the altar of a higher sacrifice,—is not this fable then a matter "which comes home to the business and bosoms of men"?

Looking thus on Greek poetry as the literary expansion of trans-

mitted religious truths—high, though far deflected from their original rectitude—its permanent power over us is accounted for, not by the weakness of the human mind, but by the strength of the human aspirations. But, it will be asked, how does this estimate apply to Greek literature in its onward progress—the drama, for instance? When the Muse entered the theatres, did she not leave the temples far behind? Was not the stage the arena of the passions, not the precinct of any sacred power? The answer is triumphant. On the contrary, the tragic theatre was the temple of a mystic divinity. The chorus that moved around in stately and sometimes threatening dance was the choir that celebrated his praise. During the whole performance the incense-wreathes ascended from his altar which stood in the midst. It is but a vulgar conception of Bacchus to look on him as merely the god of wine. He was the divinity of all sombre and tragic passion; he was supposed to awaken in man's breast those affections which, once rolled forth from their caverns, ran in the channels shaped for them by the Destinies; his wine-floods represented the dark blood of the earth, as it moved sluggishly forth from its icy cells, and then bounded to the bosom of the great maternal goddess and warmed itself in the sun. The Greek, whose mercurial temperament enjoyed pleasure itself only when it was not a bond, looked with awe upon "the seriousness of *Passion*," and made it the harbinger of calamity and the minister of fate. While the dreadful tale of an *Œdipus* or of an *Antigonè* was represented, the spectators bore witness in their fears to the power of a warning Muse; and the divinity who presided over *Passion* received thus at once a celebration and a sacrifice. But if the tragic stage was the triumph of the passions, it was yet more signally the triumph *over* passion. There was exhibited nothing to allure, but much to rebuke and to dismay. To purify the soul by pity and by terror was, as the great Greek critic tells us, the function of tragedy; and the end of that art, as of sculpture, was to impress upon the soul thus warned and purified a majestic calm. The Greek tragic theatre had nothing in common with ours except the name; and if we would understand it, we must seek a parallel to it less in histrionic performances than in religious celebrations. It stood half-way between a devout solemnity and a popular celebration. The labours of a whole people raised up the mighty building on the slopes of the Acropolis. High above it hung the temples of the gods and the fortress of the mother city, decorated with all the trophies of war and peace. Below, and visible to view, spread the purple sea and the *Ægean* isles; thirty thousand spectators occupied the marble seats; and as they fixed their eyes in silence upon the scene, they seemed to witness at

once some mystery of the world unseen and some fateful crisis at which the destiny of their country had been decided.

Nor did the Greek tragedy admit at all times the admixture of a mortal with a spiritual interest. The tragedy of "Prometheus" is as exclusively a religious mystery as though it had been cast in the mould of mythic legend or hymn. The struggle between the great Titan and the father of the gods is perhaps the profoundest of the Greek religious allegories. Coleridge has selected it as the great poetic illustration of ancient philosophy, and explained, in a disquisition of singular interest, the meaning of the mythus. In it he finds an anticipation of our latest philosophic attempts, and, in his estimation, discoveries; insisting upon it that the fire from heaven, stolen by the Titan for man's behoof, denoted that "pure reason," which he so constantly contrasted with the "faculty that judges by sense." This is a question which could not be pursued here without leading us too far from our present discussion; but the "Prometheus" is in itself a sufficient vindication of the lofty origin of Greek tragedy, setting forth, as it does, the heroic suffering of a being more than mortal. Nor did the supernatural theme of that work indicate in its author aught that incapacitated him for those poetic labours more directly connected with the political destinies of his country. The poet of the "Prometheus" is the poet of the "Persæ" too. The tragic poet who more than any other meditated on religious mysteries was the same who fought in the Persian war.

The connection between religion and true patriotism is very close, often as a corrupt patriotism has rebelled against religion. In Greek religion the Divine Power was ever worshipped as the "protector of the city;" and in the parent state, with its temple-crowned Acropolis, the Greek beheld that to which he clung with a religious as well as a patriotic love. To him it was not given to behold that universal Kingdom which is the antetype and consecration of all true nationality, and the "patria" of all who are still "in via;" but he revered at least what to him was a dim type of it; and, looking up to his country as a sacred thing, he counted it among his first duties to vindicate her freedom, while he venerated her laws. It was this religious struggle for the freedom of their country which elicited among the Greeks the highest development of the poetic faculties. That struggle finally consummated in the complete rout of the Persians, the energies enkindled by it had to seek another language than that of action. A new literature burst forth; and the memory of heroic deeds became the soul of heroic books. The last trumpet-thrill of war mingled with the first breath of new but manly melodies. Tragedy walked the stage with a warrior's step; and the Muse of

Æschylus dipped her foot in the blood of the invader before she ascended to the throne reserved for her. Such is the connection which ever exists between high poetry and noble deeds; and so close is the bond between noble deeds and that religious sentiment which inspires them.

To estimate aright either such deeds or the poetry that sang them, we must ever bear in mind the difference between Pagan and Christian times. The Greek had sometimes his face turned to the light when acting in a manner in which a Christian could not act without turning his face to eternal night. What to a Christian means "the world," to a Greek was often that mother city, to die for which was to him what he counted martyrdom. To gain her praise and that of his fellow-citizens did not in him always mean vain-glory. It was the sacrifice of self, of ease, and of pleasure, for that commendation which seemed to him the outward authentication of the interior voice of conscience. The relative position of Christian and Pagan requires a process of transposition to be rendered intelligible.

The philosophic literature of Greece, not less than the poetic, attests the same great truth respecting the origin of letters in religion. The subject is too large a one to be illustrated except by a single conspicuous example. Plato, the greatest of ancient philosophers, was also the most religious. Even in Christian times he has retained the title of "the Divine;" nor is there any other writer of antiquity in whom so close an approximation to Christianity is to be found. Its religious character is the great "note" of Plato's philosophy. He could find no reality for the outward universe except by referring the visible objects that surround us to their archetypes in the Divine Mind. He could accept no other test and measure for right and wrong, for good and for evil, except the witness of an inner law, immutable and eternal, testifying to a Divine Lawgiver. A shadow even of the doctrine of the Trinity has been found in his works, so far as philosophic conjecture may run parallel with religious faith; yet so little did he mistake the one for the other, that he asserted the necessity of a revealed religion, affirming that if God was to be certainly made known to man, it could only be through a divine revelation of Himself; and that such a revelation was rather to be expected than despaired of.

In the days of modern Transcendentalists, as in those of the Alexandrian schools, attempts have been made to found an argument against Revelation upon the Platonic "anticipations" of Christianity; for the enemies of Religion are always assailing her with weapons snatched from her own armoury; yet it is not the less probable that

the Platonic philosophy contributed more than aught beside of human origin to attest the claims of the inspired Scriptures, and extend the reign of her who has "the heathen for her inheritance."

How are we to account for the religious character of Plato's philosophy? There are three considerations which will assist in explaining it. First, it was not in itself unlikely that the loftiest philosophic intelligence, if uncorrupted by pride, would be that one most in harmony with religious truths. The divine image in man, grievously as it was dimmed, was not wholly obliterated by the Fall: thus it was natural that in proportion as the moral aspirations were high, and the philosophic insight keen, the nearer approach should be made to that truth for which man was originally created. Secondly, it is probable that in Plato we possess the sifted and purest tradition from the more spiritual schools of Greek philosophy, and from that yet earlier age when philosophy was most religious. The teaching of Plato was the teaching of Socrates; and Socrates was doubtless but a link in that golden chain of which Pythagoras himself was a higher link. Thirdly, Plato had travelled into the East, and thus seeking knowledge wherever he went, had baptised his philosophy in the streams that flow from the father-land of religion. By many it has been believed that he had had access even to the sacred books of the Hebrews. Be this as it may, he had examined into all the most ancient forms of Pagan religion, and had thus doubtless received large aids in that which to a philosophic Pagan must have been the most interesting of tasks,—the task of discriminating between those traditional truths held in common by the various ancient religions and those corruptions with which, from local custom and insensible abuse, the universal tradition of Pagan religion had become encrusted. Plato had sat in the shade of those Egyptian temples which had shadowed the Nile centuries before the Trojan war; he had analysed with the keenest dialectics of Greece the lore of the most ancient of Pagan hierarchies; and doubtless it was not in the spirit of a scoffer that he endeavoured to sift truth from error, and to separate the kernel from the husk.

In ancient times, as in modern, philosophy owed to religion a debt which it had not always the honesty to acknowledge. The work of Pagan philosophy, in comparison with that of the Pagan religions, sensualised and corrupted as they had become, was ever negative rather than positive. Philosophy ridiculed the popular corruptions; but the religions preserved at least the primeval truths. It was from the stock of religion that philosophy derived those lofty ideas with which it sometimes assailed the sensual credulities of a degenerate worship. This is a subject which has been admirably illustrated by

Father Ventura in his lectures delivered a few years ago in Paris. He points out the real dependence of the schools on the temples, and the fact that, no matter how much of error might be mixed up with the Pagan religions, whatever of primitive truth remained among the ancients belonged to the Altar, not to the Academy; that it was no prize of philosophic discovery, but had descended through tradition, and was derived from Revelation.

The sparrow that mounted on the eagle's back when the birds had their trial of strength, found no difficulty in flying a yard or two higher when the eagle had reached its utmost elevation. Such has been the ambition of philosophy as often as it has exalted itself above religion. Except when it deduces its origin from religion, philosophy can attain to little beyond criticism. It may reach to elevated ideas, but it has no means of ascertaining whether there be any thing to correspond with them in the world of reality. Its highest systems remain but subjective fancies; they have no objective sanction, and no authority to authenticate them. In Christian times philosophy is not put to a fair trial. She receives so much from Christianity, unconsciously or unwillingly, that her merely native forces are not really tested. It was otherwise with ancient philosophy, as reviewed by the great mind of Cicero. It could take all sides in turn, and be eloquent on all; but it tripped in its very first step and fell. Whether there was a God or no God, a soul or no soul, an immortality or no immortality, was with it but a conjecture. The Platonic philosophy retained a purified truth, because its fountain-head was in religion.

It would not be difficult to show that the other departments of Greek literature were not less closely connected with religion as to their origin than were its poetry and philosophy. Herodotus, for example, who has been happily styled "the Homer of historians," does not the less nobly head the rôle of uninspired history because in his page, as in Homer's, the religious tradition is to be found side by side with the secular; while in both those great men alike, despite the aberrations of a Pagan fancy, kindliness, cordiality, human-heartedness, and strong-heartedness are elevated at once and harmonised by a temper of devotion, which contrasts sadly with that vulgar affectation of incredulous shrewdness exhibited both by the later Pagan times and by the infidels of the modern world. Our present limits do not permit of such an inquiry. Still less could we on the present occasion enlarge on that gradual degradation of letters which took place in proportion as Pagan religion diverged farther and farther from the primitive tradition, and as (the necessary consequence of this first defection) literature fell off from religion. If poetry declined insensibly into an effeminate vein, till an Anacreon

was as feeble as a Corinna had been strong; if the Epicurean and Pyrrhonist made themselves loud, till the music of the Platonic philosophy became as unheard as that music of the spheres, lost, according to the Platonic allegory, in the clamour of earthly life; if the Sophists of each department of literature trod down the true philosophers, poets, historians, and orators—the cause was ever the same. Those religions which were the broken dialects of the primitive revelation corrupted their speech more and more; and the literatures to which they had given birth partook of the prevarication, and declined into mere naturalism.

A. DE V.

The Musée Retrospectif in Paris.

It is probable that there has never been an Exhibition so singular in its contrasted contents, so rich in market value, prepared so abruptly for submission to public inspection, as that which, during the latter half of the past year, was to be seen in the Palais de l'Industrie in Paris, under the name of the "*Musée Retrospectif*." In a general way, its character may be comprehended in England by a reference to the Kensington Museum Exhibition of 1862, from which its conception was drawn, and which it outstripped. Like that Exhibition, it came into existence in especial connection with an institute the primary object of which is to promote the cultivation of art in connection with manufactures. This was formed in Paris three years ago, under the title of "*L'Union Centrale des Beaux Arts appliqués à l'Industrie*;" and under circumstances not a little curious, and not a little gratifying to those who have led on the great movement of improvement in art for the last quarter of a century in England. They will find that it has come to pass that the best leading spirits amongst our great rivals have felt and admitted, with no little alarm, the success of that movement, and the formidable competition with which it has threatened their previous preëminence. The simplest and most sincere evidence of this appears in the published Report of M. Prosper Merimée in reference to the London Exhibition of 1862, and the adoption of its sentiments by the conductors of that admirable periodical, *La Gazette des Beaux Arts*. In that Report M. Merimée, who was official reporter for the French section of the International Jury, thus expresses himself:

"Since the Universal Exhibition in 1851, and even since that of 1855, immense progress has taken place in Europe; and although we in France have not remained stationary, we cannot conceal from ourselves that our lead has become less sensible, and is ever tending to its termination. It is our duty to remind our manufacturers that, however successful they may have been on this occasion, they may possibly sustain a defeat, and that at no very distant date, if from the present moment they fail to address all their energies to the maintenance of a preëminence which can only be secured by an incessant aim at perfection. English industrial produce more espe-

cially, so markedly behindhand in point of art previous to the Exhibition of 1851, has made in the course of ten years *prodigious advancement*; and if it should so continue its onward movement, we might find ourselves unexpectedly surpassed."

This startling avowal from an authority not to be contravened led, amongst other consequences, to such reflections as the following: "The contact of England and France, rendered so frequent by the Universal Exhibitions of Paris and London," observes the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*, "will not be without its use in reference to a regenerative movement now in contemplation, to which we wish to draw the attention of our readers. In our visits to that country—so contiguous to us in locality, so severed in habits—we have learned how much can be done by a few men of resolute purpose—citizens generously devoted to the public good, and unrestricted in their freedom of action. This lesson was well condensed in the words, often quoted, of a sovereign who has passed a portion of his life in England, and has brought from thence certain English conclusions; to wit, 'Individual initiative, urging on its plans with indefatigable ardour, saves Government from monopolising the management of the vital energy of the nation. . . . Stimulate, then, among individuals an energetic spontaneity for promoting all purposes having in view the beautiful and the useful.'"

The result of the very pregnant views thus unreservedly avowed has been an effort in emulation of that much-commended individual vigour of operation; and accordingly a small band of artistic and literary Frenchmen, led on by a distinguished and very zealous architect, M. Guichard, constituted themselves the nucleus of a society the great aim and object of which is an incessant application of the most effective means for fertilising the wide domain of native art and manufacture, so as to sustain it in its present rich power of productiveness. They have assumed the name of *L'Union Centrale des Beaux Arts appliqués à l'Industrie*. They have instituted a museum for the collection and exhibition of all manner of objects akin to their undertaking, where lectures are to be systematically delivered to the same end.

In fine, they have developed so rapidly in their proceedings, that they have designed, and we may say founded, a college wherein special education and special distribution of honours are to be dispensed to students of industrial art. Until a suitable structure for this has been erected, within which the Society will establish its centre of action, its headquarters are in that quaint and spacious square in the Marais de St. Antoine Quartier of Paris, the Place Royale; noted for its clever white marble equestrian statue of Louis

XIII., and recently deriving a melancholy interest from being the death-scene of Rachel.

In addition to these great projects for permanent organisation, of which the germs will be found at the Adelphi and South Kensington, that special Exhibition of 1862 in the latter quarter, the success of which was so extraordinary, and we may add the influence of that noble display of mediæval ecclesiastical art which was to be seen at Malines in 1864, were the occasions of suggestions which fell most productively upon the zealous minds of our projectors. It was deemed expedient in the councils of the Place Royale, that Paris too should have its "Retrospective" Exhibition. The French Government, eschewing all jealousy of this independent association, lent its help as soon as application was made: and Marshal Vaillant placed at its disposal abundant space for the proposed undertaking in the large saloons of the Palais de l'Industrie.

It was not, however, without some apprehensions of success in their experiment—without some nervous misgivings as to the realising of ways and means, and winning the loan of the treasures of antique vertu from their possessors, that they entered upon their work. However, *en avant* was the word, and full success ensued. The undertaking had the good fortune to win favour in four quarters of immense influence,—the Emperor, Prince Czartoriski, the Marquis of Hertford, and the Messrs. Rothschild. When this became known, it acted as an "open sesame" to the masters of lesser stores; and from that time streams of undreamt-of and un hoped-for valuables came pouring in upon the Society, until at length an inconvenient overflow seemed imminent, and it became necessary to select and decline. The ultimate result, however, was, that the accommodation of twelve large saloons was absolutely exhausted by the contributions; and it has been estimated that the whole might realise on sale something like a million and a half of pounds sterling.

It was a patent defect of this Exhibition, that works of the same kind were not classed together. This was in consequence, doubtless, of the exactions of contributors. Each proprietor of a collection of treasures, however various and unconnected their contents, required, both for safety's sake and with a pardonable vanity, that his own galaxy should shine apart. The spectator, therefore, was for a while bewildered in discerning the various elements of this vast and most miscellaneous collection.

A small, neatly-arranged selection of stone-weapons stood as a foundation for the whole. From this we had to pass by a prodigious bound—for the next element was excellence itself, the master-pieces of Greece. The collection of these, if brought into one range and

receptacle, would have been sufficient to constitute a most valuable museum of statuettes, vases, and other objects—some of perfect beauty. We cannot in a brief sketch like this attempt any detailed description, which could but be tantalisingly imperfect. We may mark a statuette of Minerva, thus noted as No. 98 of the Catalogue: "*Athène Toromachos; reproduction du Xoanon, conservé dans le Temple d'Erechthée. Bronze fondu en plein, du travail le plus archaïque. Un des plus vieux bronzes grecs connus.*" With what pardonable veneration might not the lover of the Greek marvels of art bend over this, "one of the oldest Greek bronzes known"!

Another violent leap of transition brought us from the schools of Phidias and Praxiteles to the Middle Ages and the Renaissance period. Here, again, the contributions were profuse. In the former the ivories were of much interest—diptych, polyptych, and single subject—in which the deep sincerity of sentiment of their era struggled through and gave sterling value to imperfect art. All these, as well as the larger portion of other works of the same time, were connected with sacred subjects. Although not equal, upon the whole, to the Malines collection, there was here abundant food for deep meditation and admiration. Here, as there also, was a commemoration of the murder of St. Thomas—a reliquary in the form of a rectangular box of silver, gilt and embellished with niello, its cover pyramidal, topped with a large garnet stone, surrounded by a setting of pearls. On either larger side was pictured the slaying or the entombment of the martyr, with inscriptions. Figures of angels completed the ornaments of this choice work, which has been attributed, with some doubt, to a German hand, of the twelfth century.

Numerous works in iron, of the twelfth century, many of great beauty—others in brass, silver, and gold, together with specimens of enamel and jewelry, of Middle-Age handling, were exhibited on this occasion. Few, however, of the curiosities of this period drew more attention than the manuscripts in simple scroll or illuminated. The greater portion of these came from the collections of M. Ambroise Firmin Didot or M. Le Carpentier. The Marquis de Ganay sent one article worth a hundred others, viz. the Books of the Gospels which had belonged to Charlemagne, and which, as tradition tells us, were wrung from the abbey of St. Maurice d'Argaune in the civil wars of the fourteenth century. On one side of its binding was a gold plate, impressed with the figure of Christ Blessing—a work of the ninth century. It was also adorned with a set of uncut precious stones, added in the twelfth century. Near to this were the Gospels, written in the eleventh century at the monastery of Ottenbeuren in Swabia, in

characters of gold and silver. A copy of Josephus, from Saint-Tron in the province of Lemberg, Belgium, of the twelfth century, was also extremely fine. An Italian manuscript of the fourteenth century was also there, written on vellum, with ornamental capitals and miniatures—the Revelations of St. Bridget. Amongst these precious works not the least singular was a *Livre d'heures* on vellum, having 330 pages, illustrated and ornamented with as many different subjects. Of these, fifty-six were taken from the Dance of Death. This was a work of the fifteenth century, and, strange to say—whether in melancholy jest or otherwise—had been presented by Louis XV. to his physician Dr. Mead. The works of the Renaissance and subsequent period, in this collection, were most numerous in what may be termed miniature objects—light branches and lovely blossoms springing from the great main trunks of painting and sculpture. For them chiefly, so full of winning instructiveness, this *Musée Retrospectif* would seem to have been especially got up. They appeared in forms of gold, silver, and much more cherished bronze, in ivory, and again the happier vehicle wood, in crystal and in glass, in steel, in gems and miniatures, in enamelled terra cotta, in furniture, in time-pieces, in tapestry, and numberless other ways.

The bronzes, scattered among the collections on every side, were admirable. The miniature model of an equestrian statue—a condottiere leader by Donatello—was universally felt to be a model in that most difficult branch of art. It excited an absolute *furor* amongst the critics. In contrast to its graceful swing of boldness, there was a *basso relievo* from an unknown hand, representing the figure of Charity—a draped female figure—clasping a child to her bosom caressingly, while other fondlings of the like age cling round her neck and her knees. Exquisite sweetness of expression is here found united to perfection of form and masterly arrangement of elaborate drapery. Yet the author is wholly unknown. Numerous statuettes sustained the honour of this class. We pass them to note three busts—full size—which could not fail to arrest the attention and command the deep admiration of every amateur or artist who passed through these saloons. The first was that of Beneviani, an Italian noble of the fifteenth century; the second, of Jerome Benevieni, a poet and philosopher of the sixteenth century; the third, of the great Buonarrotti. The rigid adherence to nature, full of sincere force of expression, impressed on all three, compelled one to pause and ponder and commune with character so deeply significant. Such busts leave impressions not easily to be effaced, and are most instructive to the sculptor.

The great strength of this Exhibition lay, however, not so much

in the subjects to which we have alluded as in its singular profusion of examples in the vast field of pottery and Limoge enamelling. It is probable that never have so many and such various specimens of both these branches of art been hitherto brought together. It is but just to say, that by far the greater part of the voluminous array had attached to it the names of Baron G. Rothschild and M. Alphonso Rothschild. Every variety of pottery or porcelain having any claim to reputation (with the exception of our own English works) seemed to have here, in one quarter or another, its representative.

Here were Moorish and Hispano-moresque vessels, comparatively rude in design and tinting, from which the great susceptibility of Italian art drew its first inspirations. Then came the majolica, in all its progressive modifications; the varnished sculpture of Luca della Robbia; the relievo of Palissy, of which we had here every contrasted variety of subject, and all the different schools of Italy fully and most interestingly illustrated. The value attached to some of the rarer specimens might be thought fabulous, were we not familiar with the extravagancies into which the long-pursed amateurs are led, in their devotion to the singular, if not the unique. Thus there appeared in the treasury of the Rothschilds a morsel—a small candlestick—of the almost extinct *faience* of Henry II., to which, it was affirmed, the value of forty thousands francs was attached. If the whole thirty or so subsisting specimens of this rarity were swept away, what, in point of general grace of form, elegance of linear detail, or delicacy of colour, would be lost to the world? Something infinitesimally inconsiderable. Around this precious relique there was a wondrous profusion of Limoges enamels, belonging to various persons, and exhibiting in every degree the beauties of that exquisite speciality of art applied either to portraiture, or high historic or sacred subject. These, indeed, deserve to be cherished with watchfulness and affection.

Amongst other contributions to this Exhibition were a large collection of fine Chinese and Japanese curiosities, to which with great truth the title *Retrospectif* could be affixed. They combined admirably great strength of construction with charming delicacy of embellishment.

In contrast to all these gentler productions of human genius came the special contribution of the Emperor, presenting art and ingenuity as handmaidens to war—not as ministering to the amenities or luxuries of peace. In other words, it gave, in review, a complete array of the heaviest heavy armour of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries—some thirty suits, standing *cap-à-pie*—illustrating the period

when almost the entire frame of the man militant was encased in metal plates; when, consequently, to fall in battle was but too much after the fashion of Lucifer—never to rise again, unless as a prisoner, or unless assisted from mid *mêlée* by the smart hands of some sturdy squire, and thus once more restored to the perpendicular on the back of that singular hippogriff, a horse in armour. In this collection of panoplies, the variety of helmets was most striking—some singularly extravagant in their steel contour, and all with as little accommodation as possible for the functions of breathing or seeing. A few offered most ludicrous mockeries of the human face divine, a nose alone projecting in Roman ruggedness: truly an iron joke. Amongst the rest, a German tournament-casque was conspicuous. It belonged to the second half of the seventeenth century, was wholly of silver, and richly ornamented both in carving and indenture. This gem of the collection was, it appears, a present from the Empress to the Emperor.

The armour of the central and most conspicuous group in the saloon had the like honour. It presented a knight on horseback—man and horse in full panoply, and an attendant man-at-arms. It seemed intended to unite the aspect of lightness with genuine metallic strength. A tradition is connected with it: that at a period when the progressive development of the fatal use of fire-arms, of cannon, arquebuss, petronel, and pistol, had gradually weakened faith in the utility of the chivalric steel coat, Louis XIII. and his potent minister Cardinal de Richelieu were both staunchly true to the olden creed of the olden time, where

"None of your ancient heroes
Ere heard of cannon-ball,
Or knew the force of powder,
To slay their foes withal;"

and it was thought expedient by both that his majesty should have this splendid model-suit made, in order to use influence of the most potent kind against the new martial heterodoxy. The progress of time has proved how vainly the recalcitrant effort was made. The great explosive agent has prevailed—until at length, in our own time, the management of the *bouches à feu* is the beginning and end of all scientific strategy; and even the cuirassier—the last of the steel-clads—is surmised to be on his last legs.

While thus on one side of this saloon these numerous examples of armour were ranged—a terrible show—and the helmets occupied, in close muster, an encircling shelf, the *arme blanche* had its honours sustained by a series of radiating groups attached to the

walls, in which blades of Italy, Germany, and France, with matchless Toledo rapiers, showed their quality unsheathed. The thrilling simplicity of the cold gleaming steel in these deadly implements was, in many instances, strangely contrasted with the exquisite artistic elaboration of ornament upon their hilts. This anomaly was completed by the adoption, for this purpose, of subjects taken from Holy Writ and the most tender illustrations of religious charity, sculptured in gold, or silver, or tinted in the most delicate enamel. Thus we found upon one the four phases of the Prodigal Son's career admirably composed in miniature *basso relievo*. One sword of this kind could not fail to hold attention. It had been sent to Henry IV. by the Pope on his abjuration. On its pommel two medals were inserted—the one having for its subject the Crucifixion, the other the Resurrection. On other medals, combined with the hilt, were represented the Annunciation, the Visitation, the Nativity, the Adoration of the Magi, and the Circumcision. Finally, the portrait of Henry himself was introduced, supported by angels.

Here also was the blade of a different man, and of a different import, once grasped by the strong hand of Charles XII. of Sweden, vigorous for cut, or subtly tempered for thrust. No mincing ornament of delicate tracery embellished its hilt; but it was appropriately wreathed with oak foliage in iron, and it bore an interlaced cipher of C's, surmounted by the words, *Soli Deo gloria*.

This weapon,

"A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh,"

was worn by Charles at Bender, and given by him to General Meyenfelt. It was presented to the Emperor Louis Napoleon by the present King of Sweden.

Associated with these specimens of the *arme blanche* were well-preserved examples of the cross-bow and earlier-invented fire-arms, with their attendant accoutrements; the whole forming an extremely rich set of illustrations of the centuries to which it more especially referred.

Take it for all in all, this room was pregnant with suggestion. No extraordinary susceptibility of imagination was required for one lingering over its relics to shadow forth fearful episodes without number of tale or history connected with those crowded weapons of slaughter.

Independent of this splendid collection of arms, there were many others amongst the miscellanea of the Exhibition. By far the finest belonged to the Marquis of Hertford, figuring conspicuously in the

chamber specially devoted to *chefs-d'œuvre* contributed from that nobleman's collection; and evidencing that it was not alone on masterpieces of painting that it could depend for its well-merited celebrity. The most prominent arms here were Circassian helmets and sabres, all fresh in brilliant preservation, as if they had just come from the anvil or workshop; the former more particularly remarkable for their exquisite inlaid golden tracery, the latter for their gorgeous richness of minute carving. These, with many other specimens of Oriental ornament—creeses, poniards, or scimitars, here enclosed in glass cases—almost compelled one to the conclusion that in the East there is a more delicately-inventive genius for ornamentation than can be found in Europe. This we may again see exemplified in the carpets of Persia, the shawls of Cashmere, and in the muslins of Hindostan, gleaming with fire-fly splendour of metallic foliage.

Having dwelt on these specialities of warlike equipment, the footsteps of the visitor were led to the last of the saloons, and found it dedicated, in almost monumental melancholy, to reminiscences of Polish Royalty. Members of the Czartoriski family, Prince Ladislaus, and the Princess Iza, had furnished forth almost all the contents of the cases, which lined three sides of the apartment. A very copious miscellany of jewelry and ornaments in gold and silver—some singular for their artistic beauty, and others for their quaint antiquity—was here to be seen. Of special note amongst the former was a charming morceau of jewelry, wherein the letter A, standing for Auguste, was set in diamonds, and supported by two exquisite enamel infant figures, attributed to the hand of Benvenuto Cellini. Also a chain which had belonged to Maria Louisa Gonzaga, enamelled and enriched with pearls and precious stones. For purity of taste this could compete with the best French works of its class of the sixteenth century. It was not, however, with a critic's eye, but with painful historic musing, that one contemplated these objects. Here was the ivory sceptre of King Frederick Augustus; and here also a flageolet, in the like ivory, that had been fingered and blown by the same sovereign. Here a great silver goblet, with portraits inserted in its indentures of two kings, Sobieski and Korybut. Here a fair cross of sapphire and a chain of Anne de Jagellon; and here, not the glass slipper, but the crimson-velvet shoe—thick, as if of Chinese model—of good Queen Hedwige. Here was the most splendid of field-marshal's batons—as long again as those of modern times—of ebony enriched with diamonds, and bearing a kingly cipher. Here were a brace of pistols that once had been clasped by the

vigorous hand of Saxe; and here a watch and chain recall to mind the poet's tribute—

“And freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell.”

These gems and all this orient pearl and gold once gave brilliancy to scenes such as are long since passed away from the festivities of Poland. These veteran sword-blades vainly remind us of the noble race of warriors by whom the reckless Turk was swept back from the walls of Vienna, and the possible conquest of Europe arrested. They all, however, tell the old and ever-to-be-repeated tale. Like other valuables of royal association, with which this *Musée Retrospectif* was in every quarter redundant—not forgetting that pretty ivory-piped *cornemuse* or bagpipe, knotted with its still unfaded green ribbons, which once made music to the touch of Marie Antoinette—they express with mute melancholy eloquence the stern old apothegm, *Sic transit gloria mundi*.

Grote's Plato.

ONE of the mental phenomena of the age is the removal of the old landmarks of thought. The received ideas of mankind are put aside with a startling composure and audacity that seems like truth. Thus the strangest paradoxes are gravely maintained. Characters of history familiar to our childhood are completely metamorphosed by a magician's wand. Good are bad, and bad are good. Crook-backed Richard is no more, and the eighth Henry is restored to innocence.

The men who have accomplished this literary feat of washing negroes white have carried their point with many by a kind of legerdemain. Powerful and imposing language has covered much bad logic and contradiction. The great pioneer in this march of intellect, Lord Macaulay, is a wonderful example of close approximation to truth, and aversion to it.

This, again, is another remarkable feature of the times in which we live, that great minds are attracted to the truth—they come close to it, and are repelled. Like the course of a comet, they seem to approximate to it, to borrow light and to return—not to instruct, but to astonish mankind.

The immutability of truth is the chief cause of this recoil. Fixed and absolute truth presents a firm base, from which the unsettled mind retires, as the tide flows and ebbs about a headland bluff. It chafes and fumes around it because it is immutable. This is the exasperating thought to intellectual pride, which ever maintains its right to inquire, but never can submit. Only the well-regulated mind can endure the yoke of training and the reins of authority. For it is far easier to ask haughtily, with Pilate, "What is truth?" than patiently and humbly to listen to the reply. The soul that loves truth must have it; and have it living, whole, and undivided. The questioner, like the false mother at Solomon's tribunal, is content to see it cut piecemeal.

Mr. Grote's three volumes upon Plato are remarkable for their beauty and perspicuity. They take the reader by the hand, and lead him through the dialogues of Plato. Much of their charm is transferred to his pages. The difficulties of the most sublime of philosophers are smoothed, and his most abstruse reasonings made accessible.

We are furnished, at the first, with a lucid abstract of the early Grecian philosophy on physics and cosmology; so valuable in the eyes of Lord Bacon, that he reckons them, in the preface to the *Organon*, for the truest treasures sunk in the stream of time; while the lighter matter of philosophy, ethics, and metaphysics have floated down to us. These are the key to many questions raised throughout the dialogues, and must be understood as preliminaries to the philosophy of Plato. After this, we have the canon of the writings of the philosopher asserted, and proved against the German critics, who, from internal evidence, have argued that many of the dialogues are spurious. This portion of the work is a piece of masterly refutation, built upon facts, and upon the testimony of the librarians of Alexandria, and the catalogue of Thrasyllus. The critical power and erudition reminds one of Bentley, while the author far surpasses him in temper and moderation. The reader is supplied with solid opinions for the right order and probable dates of the dialogues; is presented with an abstract of their contents, and a noble translation of many of the most beautiful passages, especially of the rich dramatic introductions so characteristic of the philosopher. For all this he deserves every student's thanks.

But now we come to the gist of the work; the more remarkable as proceeding from a mind so apprehensive, and so correct in judgment. It is to bring out his conception of Socrates, whom he designates as the type of an "Isolated Freethinking Dissenter:"* we are told that it is a mistake to suppose Plato to be the champion of the "Absolute;" that he is the champion of free discussion and dispute, and has no fixed ideas of truth. "The life of a true philosopher, as *Plato conceives*, is a perpetual search."† His Socrates, therefore, combats only for the sake of combating; discusses for discussion's sake. He is the best of disputants, and nothing more; the first and chief of Sophists; a subtle questioner, whom none can answer but himself; a Know-nothing, having no truth to defend, no knowledge to impart. "Plato accuses the Sophists of talking upon a great many subjects which they did not know: this is exactly what Socrates passed his life in doing."‡

The author makes no secret that these are his own opinions. He does not believe in any fixed dogmatic truths. "If any man calls upon me to give absolute truth, I cannot comply with the request any further than to deliver my own judgment."§ "What is truth to one man is not truth to another."|| He proclaims his principles, as he

* vol. iii. p. 254.

† vol. ii. p. 391.

‡ vol. ii. p. 410, note g.

§ vol. ii. p. 350.

|| vol. ii. p. 360.

says, "once for all, by the title-page of his book."* By which he seems to avow that "honesty is but a name for policy," and philosophy is "questioning without an answer;" in a word, that there is no virtue and no truth as such; but that every man must be his own standard and measure, and that there is no other.

Before we proceed further, we must observe that it is too common with modern historians and essayists to warp facts and twist characters to their own preconceived opinions. They are so taken up with their own views, that in the philosophy of the past they see their own face reflected. Thus history becomes no longer history, but the account of the man's mind as looking at history. We ought, therefore, to be on our guard when an essayist or historian continually thrusts upon us his own avowed opinions. He is not likely to be fair or impartial. Thus, one who does not hold any absolute truth, and detests all dogma, is more likely to see in the Socrates of Plato, the master and the chief of ancient philosophy, a subtle disputant and freethinker, and nothing more.

In reply to this supposition of the author, first, it certainly runs counter to the generally-received opinions of men concerning Plato. He is usually regarded as holding a very distinct and absolute philosophy. The thing is so patent that it is hard to imagine any one seriously holding the contrary except to maintain a position, for which Aristotle says a man will defend any thing. Such, moreover, has been the estimate not only of the generality, but of the critical and learned world. But what is most difficult is to reconcile with it Plato's own statements. His declarations concerning himself ought to be received. The author quotes him as above,† "accusing the Sophists of talking upon a great many subjects which they did not know." Could he, then, have seriously intended to exhibit Socrates in a series of tableaux as really knowing nothing of what he was talking upon? Could he designedly make him an example of what he reprehends in them? This would be absurd in the extreme. Moreover in some dialogues Plato is so explicit in his declarations, as in the *Republic* and *De Legibus*, that the author owns him to be there an "Absolutist," but that he is inconsistent with himself and has forgotten his past objections. He allows that Plato represents his ideal philosopher "to be in possession of knowledge;"‡ and that in the seventh book of the *Republic*, "in the memorable simile of the cave and its shadows,"§ the daylight of philosophy is contrasted with the firelight and dim shadows of the unphilosophic mind; that the true

* vol. ii. p. 350.

† vol. ii. p. 259.

‡ vol. ii. p. 410, note g.

§ vol. iii. pp. 93, 95, 96.

and real forms of the just, the beautiful, and the good are unchangeable realities, steadily contemplated and known by the philosophic mind, while their transitory shadows are darkly seen by other men. In the *Republic* the four cardinal virtues—prudence, courage, temperance, and justice—are examined and described as constituting the happiness of the individual and the state. They are seen in larger type or character in the latter than in the individual man; more visible and discernible, but still the same.

All this sounds like a real and definite philosophy, especially when we remember that Socrates held these truths in such sober seriousness that for their sake he died. No Sophist died for his disputations. If a man lays down his life, it is generally considered that he held in sad and sober earnest the things for which he died.

But the objection is continually urged throughout the author's work that the just, the good, and beautiful are nowhere defined—at least with a definition that will stand the test of questioning. Most of the dialogues it is said are dialogues of search, leaving the question at issue still pending; Socrates professing himself as much at a loss as the rest as to the answer. The dialogues of exposition give no satisfactory reply, such as would stand severe cross-examination; and Socrates himself in his apology declares that his mission is not to teach, but to examine and detect the current falsehoods of the age.

Now this declaration seems to us to contain in itself an answer to the objection. Socrates is a man of sound understanding—a kind of touchstone; right reason personified; what Aristotle calls "the right rule" or measure, ὁρθὸς λόγος; a just intellect, a well-regulated mind, and the dictates of such an intelligence are sound and true.

Hence his combats with the false maxims and shams of the day, those pretended sciolists who cheat mankind. He puts them to the question by merely applying the keen edge of his understanding. Hence the wit of the dialogues. It is laughable to see him put upon cheats the salt of a right intellect. They writhe under it, and the falsehood dies in torture, dissolving under it. Thus in the *Republic*, the brutal Thrasymachus, who maintains that "might is right," becomes absolutely furious under the infliction, but is silenced. In the *Euthyphro* the wretched man is exposed, who under plea of holiness would murder his own father; and the ridicule is enhanced by the just man Socrates about to die upon the charge of being unholy. In every "dialogue of search" the test is put to some virtue, intellectual or moral. The answer is not directly given, but the first step to truth is the destruction of error; and the solution is often intended to be found in the conduct and character of Socrates. Thus in the *Charmides* the nature of temperance is discussed and the question left unsettled; but

the youth ends by determining to become a disciple of Socrates. In the *Alcibiades*, first and second, the result is the same. Practically he is their master; although he proclaims it to be his mission "never to let falsehood pass without a challenge."

We repeat, it is this serious antagonism to the false, and proclamation of war with it, that proves him to be a champion of the true. It is the appreciation of the true which makes evident the absurdity of the false. This is the reason why strong, sober, and grave minds seem to be so full of ridicule. The friends of Sir Thomas More complained that they could not tell whether he was in jest or earnest when he gave his witty answers with so sad and sober a face. The dialogues of Plato are full of such grave wit. Socrates is often accused of being ironical, of laughing at people in his sleeve. He exposes falsehoods, and the exposure is laughable when the crooked is put beside the straight, the false beside the true. This is said by the great pupil of Plato to be the nature and essence of wit.

Surely, again, it is the consciousness that he is contending for a reality that gives the solemnity and beauty to the *Phædo*, when Socrates begs his friends to press him hard with objections to the immortality of the soul, "lest like a dying bee he should leave his sting behind him to torment their minds with unreal hopes and fears." He begs them to examine him well as to his belief, and his reasons for it; and to ascertain that he lives and dies for a reality.

But to return to the main objection. Is it true that Plato has no distinct meaning for the terms, "*the Just*," "*the Holy*," "*the Beautiful*," "*the Good*"? If he were asked to apologise for the use of them and to explain the nature of them, has he no distinct account to give? The answer to this will necessitate some succinct account of what appears to be from Plato's own testimony the explanation of his ideas or forms, which constitute the main doctrine of his philosophy.

In the *Phædo* he speaks of "the beautiful and good,—that *which is*;"* of which, says he, I am always talking. This he identifies with the "divine, the immortal, the intelligible, the uniform, and indivisible;"† and "the good and wise God;"‡ "the pure, the invisible, and the true."§

In the *Philebus* || he identifies the good with the beautiful, the symmetrical, and the true; and in the *Politeia* ¶ he says, "that truth and symmetry are akin, and that to see the form of that *which is*, the soul must be gracious and in the mould of symmetry."

* ch. xxii. ed. Orellius.
§ *ibid.*

† ch. xxviii.
|| p. 83.

‡ ch. xxix.
¶ b. vi. p. 173.

Thus the good and the true, and the beautiful as well, agree in this, that they all are in "measure,"—"Symmetry" in the component parts makes the beautiful. The just is the "measurement" of what is due. Intelligence is the perception of true "measurement" and proportion. Science the knowledge of these laws of order in nature. Art the imitation of them. Aristotle—Plato's great pupil—has worked out the system in detail; all virtue consists in "the mean," or in "*perfect measure*," which is apprehended by right reason. Upon this theory he draws out his wonderful draught of all the moral virtues, accepted by St. Thomas as the text-book of moral philosophy. It is a reduction into form of the pages of Plato.

All this holds together as a definite system of philosophy. It is based upon the absolute, and is sufficiently clear as to the nature of the good and true. In the *Republic* the four cardinal virtues—the developments of the beautiful—appear stamped in large characters upon the social man or state as the constituents of well-being. Their nature is exemplified in the consequent "order" made visible in man considered politically or individually.

We now come to another point, the use of cross-questioning, or dialectic, for which Socrates is famous. He is constantly using it, and using it as a master. He is the knight-errant of chivalry in behalf of truth, and his weapon is dialectics. But it is not used recklessly, as by a "dissenter," a "freethinker," who would overthrow the established laws and opinions of men, and the dictates of "King Nomos." When falsehood reigns, the defender of truth is necessarily singular. A wise man, who has kept his head among a nation of fools, is very different from a leader of new opinions. He holds nothing in itself singular, or contrary to the just and accepted laws of reason. On the contrary, it is for these that he flings down the gage. His sharp dialectic is for the purpose of separating truth from error. It is to teach men to distinguish well. The truth will stand cross-questioning and argument. The atmosphere in which it lives is severe logic. Where there is no reasoning, it does not long survive. Hence, in past times, the cultivation of logical disputation in the great universities, the practice of the scholastic forms of argument, and the propounding of theses against all comers. The truth will bear any amount of discussion. The stronger and the clearer the reasoning, and the stricter the dialectics, the more it is elucidated. The author, in speaking of the masterly dialectic of Socrates, and while recommending its use, cannot refrain from alluding to the advantage of the logic of the schools in Catholic times.

To this test of cross-examination the doctrine of Protagoras is put in the *Theatetus*, that all knowledge is merely relative and subjec-

tive, "*and that man is the measure of all things.*" As this is very like the author's own philosophy, he seems very sore with Socrates for his arguments against it, and thinks that he is not fair. However, it is very plain that Socrates does not hold it as he would fain have him do. It is, in one shape or another, the substantial doctrine of what are called Freethinkers; and it is the very antipodes of the doctrine of Plato, namely, "*that right reason is the measure.*" Again, in the *Parmenides*, the most abstruse questions on the nature and attributes of "being," as such, are discussed. Unity and plurality, mind and matter, are profoundly canvassed in their relations to one another. The doctrines of the materialist are negatived.

This last dialogue is proposed to Socrates as an example of the mental toil necessary for the prosecution and elucidation of truth. To eliminate falsehood, the mind must be exercised in clear and accurate discrimination. It must go through pains and labour till truth be born.

Enough has been said to show that Plato himself, at least, did not design so many great questions as these to be thought mere idle discussion and beating in the air. His Socrates is not an "isolated freethinker," nor is he himself a patron of perpetual search without an end.

Yet such is the opinion of a grave and learned man. It is an idea prevalent with the age, that all dogmatic truth is idle questioning. He goes with the tide. The world at large has a hatred of dogma, and is shaking off the hereditary shackles of all creeds. The old philosophy is obnoxious; it favours dogmatism about virtue and conscience; until these are shaken off, man will not be quite free. When virtue is dead and buried, and the triumph over it proclaimed, an era of happiness will begin; there will be no conscience of evil to restrain the freedom of the sceptic and the libertine. The view which he has propounded will no doubt be largely accepted among young students in philosophy, and tend to increase the misconceptions with regard to the ancient logic and philosophy which were set on foot at the Reformation.

The attack of the Reformers was an attack upon reason, as well as religion. The errors of the leaders among them were sins against common-sense as well as religion. A good sound study of ethics and logic is fatal to their doctrines. Aristotle and Plato were both severe reasoners. They were the great masters of the human mind, and the questions they raised and solved remain for ever. They often looked at things from a different point of view; but the one is the counterpart of the other; and whether they argue from the subjective to the objective, or from the objective to the subjective, they

are still great masters of reasoning and questions that regard the human mind.

It is of no small importance to be sound in philosophy. A man's school of logic will tell the bearing of his mind. The errors will probably reappear, and taint his belief in higher things. But what is certain is this, that when right reason is overthrown, darkness and error ensue. The bulwarks of true philosophy are the bulwarks of religion; and the battles of truth are fought in questions that some men regard as the mere metaphysical subtleties of little moment.

The impatience of the age with severe and accurate thought, of data from authority, received principles, and dogmas concerning right and wrong, disposes it to welcome every step in the direction of loosening the bands of thought, obliterating the lines of demarcation, and removing the old landmarks. It is regarded as progress and emancipation of the human mind; but the laws of thought cannot be broken with impunity. It is hailed as freedom; but it is the freedom of the barbarian, not of the civilised man. It is the sapping of the dykes to let the flood come.

μ.

I Highland Pastoral.*

NOTWITHSTANDING the celebrated saying of Horace about mediocrity in poets, it cannot be denied that we are constantly deriving pleasure and instruction from writers of poetry who can hardly be called first-class. There is a certain level under the highest which is occupied in each generation by poets whose names hardly survive them, and yet their works are to a great degree successful in that generation. The thoughtful love of nature, the refined literary education, the acquaintance with and love of the best models, and the cultivated habit of composition, which are so common in our own time, are enough to insure the production of a certain amount of good poetry. The taste for poetry among readers has seldom been more widely diffused; and the minds are numbered by thousands which may be said to find food, relief, and repose, which few other things can give them, in its indulgence. The mind of the age has its own peculiar wants and tendencies; and it gives birth to, and requires, a poetry of its own, which must be carefully studied by those who wish thoroughly to understand the men among whom they live. The gift of catching the dominant idea, or of soothing the prevalent cravings of a generation, makes those who possess it the characteristic poets of their time; and when this gift is combined with the genius which soars above temporal and local peculiarities, and sings its notes in that universal language whose sounds make the deepest feelings of the human heart to vibrate, the poetry of a single country and epoch becomes the common treasure of mankind. The great poets of the race are few in the life of the world; the master-poets of particular countries and particular times are few in the space of each generation; but these last are usually surrounded by a crowd of companions and imitators, many of whom are not unworthy of being named along with them. Wherever there is intelligence, reflection, thought, and feeling, the face of nature in its myriad aspects, and the constantly-changing scenes of human life, must awaken the poetic faculty; for nature is too beautiful and wonderful, too grand in its greatness, too tender in its infinite minuteness of detail, not to provoke a hymn of praise and admiration; and life, with its marvellous growth, its mys-

* *Kilmahoe, a Highland Pastoral; with other Poems.* By John Campbell Shairp. London: Macmillan.

terious issues, and its sudden changes and disappointments, is too solemn not to call forth thoughts and feelings that can only vent themselves under the mantle of song. It would seem stranger that we have so few good poets than that we have so many who might be good, and who are welcome to us as they are. The truth seems to be, that many more are born with the poetic faculty than ever cultivate it; and that of those who do cultivate it but a few arrive at perfection from want of industry or from other causes.

The volume which has suggested these remarks is the work of a writer who, we think, has but to exercise his powers on a larger field, and on subjects of more universal interest, to rise considerably above the level of the successful versifiers of the day. Mr. Shairp has strung together a set of very beautiful pieces, descriptive of the country and family life in the lower Highlands more than half a century ago. It is sad to hear that the simple primitive habits which he has written about are passing away. Every one knew that the upper Highlands and many of the western islands of Scotland had been depopulated to make room for deer-forests and sheep-walks; but the changes lamented by Mr. Shairp in the lower Highlands must have been produced in other ways. They have at least found a bard to sing of them before they are entirely forgotten; and we will even hope that the change is not yet completed. Mr. Shairp writes with much feeling and vigour; perhaps he has contented himself with too humble an effort, and confined himself too exclusively to simple quiet description. He has a deep and loving acquaintance with the scenery and habits of the part of the country of which he writes; and the characters in *Kilmahoe*, as far as he has been at the pains to sketch them, are as clearly drawn as they are beautiful in their conception. But though the successive poems of which this *Pastoral* is composed are linked together by means of these characters, there is but little attempt at incident; and the story is of the simplest and homeliest sort,—little more than the departure of one member of the family at Kilmahoe after another from their old home. It is exactly what has happened, and is happening continually, in thousands of cases every where. This gives a quiet, truthful, plaintive air to the poem as a whole; it is the old story, of which so many readers will find an echo in their own memories, set in graceful verse, and transplanted into the Highlands. The common incidents of the passing-off of the old people, the marriage of the young, the lands passing into the hands of strangers, the reunion of sisters, after long years of separation, at the end of life,—have been enough for Mr. Shairp. He has simply taken them and woven them round with his poetry. He seems to have had it more

at heart to produce a series of pictures of manners than to work out the vein of interest at his command in such characters as he has introduced. His work is charming and touching as it is; and yet it seems as if Mr. Shairp possessed the capacities for a far greater and more lasting success than it is likely to achieve.

The first sketch in the poem gives us an account of Kilmahoe itself and its old laird,—one of the Campbells,—who, faithful to “great Argyle,” had fought against the Stuarts in the Forty-five, not without much personal sympathy for their unfortunate cause. Then he has done with war, and spends the rest of his days at home.

“Meek man, remov’d alike from strife
And riot, flow’d his stream of life;
Each morning, these forty years and more,
He hath been stirring by crow of cock;
When dark, at business within the door;
In summer, with workers on fallow or lea,
Down on the homefields by the sea,
Or up to the hill among the flock;
At noon he walked to his farmer-folk,
O’erlook’d their crofts, of their matters spoke;
And with a kindly or warning word
The lagging and the downhearted stirr’d;
Cottars and fishermen, far and near,
Dwellers on either side Kintyre,
Flock’d hither for justice or help in need;
He heard, and gave their heart’s desire;
And few were they from that home would go
But blessing the Laird of Kilmahoe.
Afternoon in the garden found him,
With the bairnies playing round him,
Or guiding them to some hidden nook,
Where the fairy well distils
Amid the many-folded hills,
Or up high summits that forth look
On gleaming seas, beyond long defiles,
Where the sun goeth down to the utmost isles,
That flame with his glory and lap him away
To western worlds and the new-born day.
Then homeward down the hillside pacing,
Would they meet the moon their pathway facing,
Just as, from Arran’s peaks set free,
She rose full-orbed o’er the land-locked sea,
Through blue sky and marled cloud to go
Onward to quiet Kilmahoe,
And rain down, through her pearly fleece,
On the window-panes meek lights of peace.”

The picture of the old man unable any longer to go to kirk, and staying at home on Sunday with his little daughter to read to him, and their last walk down the field to the seashore, is very happily drawn. Then we have a really striking description of his widow,

now become the manager of the property; her activity, kindliness, and charity to her neighbours; and of the household life of the family:

"So all day long, from shore to hill,
From hill through dairy, barn, and byre,
She journeys on with eident will,
Nor once doth stop nor tire;

Heat summer sun, blow winter drift,
The frugal lady, gently born,
Plying her old-world Highland thrift
Late e'en and early morn.

To ease her toil, two daughters take
Some household o'ersight, hour by hour;
And learn white-barley scones to bake,
And knead the fine wheat-flour.

The eldest, in her latest teen,
Gives learning to that younger pair,
Moir and Marion; morn and e'en
These are her constant care.

For them, too, summer-time will yield
Such work as suits their little skill:
To ted the hay in new-mown field,
Or drive the ewes a-hill.

While one, the youngest, little lass,
Is playing round her nurse's knee:
Fair day or dark, no cloud may pass
Over that bairnie's glee.

But winter-nights, not less than days,
Have mingled tastes and mirth in store,
When daylight done, to the ingle-blaze
All flock within the door.

In parlour ben the lady sits,
A-birlin' at her spinnin'-wheel,
And one sews, one the stocking knits,
And learns to turn the heel;

While, but the house, as outside beats
The rainy night's loud-roaring din,
And the hearthstone, happ'd with glowing peats,
Makes ruddy all within,

Comes on the blithesome spinning hour,
When, all the heavy day's darg done,
The maidens on the sanded floor
Their wheels range one by one;

And this with big wheel, that with sma',
The other with the twirling rock,
To the wool-task assigned them fa',
Wool shorn from last year's flock.

Then lilting, blent with rock and reel,
 Goes ben the house a heartsome hum ;
 Till Moira first, then Marion, steal
 Away, full fain to come

And listen where the old-world tale,
 By Murlie told, the night beguiles ;
 Or some dim Ossianic wail
 From the outer isles."

We have then some of the incidents that become historic in family annals gracefully versified: two children caught by the tide on a small island left dry at low water, and only rescued with difficulty by a fisherman; the appearance of the pirate Paul Jones off the little sea-town, and the consternation and confusion of all at Kilmahoe in consequence. Then, among other pieces, follows a long historical poem about "Old Kintyre;" for which we confess that our Southron minds have less relish than for the parts of the volume where the interest is less entirely local. There is a very sweet family-scene in the garden, the sisters gathering round a young brother just come home from school for a while, before sailing to a distant land. The next poem describes "The Sacramental Sabbath," the two girls making their first "Communion." Then comes the marriage of Moira, the eldest, and her departure to India with her husband. One or two pretty letters pass between the separated sisters, and then we have Moira's return. The pastoral ends with a long piece called "Ingathering," in which we have the closing days of the two sisters, at a distance from their old home, very feelingly drawn. The metre of this is evidently a favourite with Mr. Shairp, as he is often falling into it in his other poems. In this he has polished his verse, which is often somewhat rugged, with more than usual success. This is the best poem in the volume; and is precisely that which has the most of human and universal feeling in it. We shall indulge ourselves with another long quotation—a description of the eldest of the sisters, now growing old:

"And when forenoons were over, home-tasks done,
 Still young in love of nature, she would fare
 Forth to the fields to see the setting sun,
 Drink in sweet evening air.

Yet turning oft aside to cottage nook,
 Some frail or drooping one to help or cheer;
 That was the gentlest voice, the kindest look
 That came there all the year.

To her none worthier seemed for being great,
 Nor any less because their place was low;
 True to that simple pure heart-estimate
 Which doth not earth's rank know.

Yea, weak things of the world to her were dear,
 And the world's gain was emptiness and loss,
 As to a heart attuned to overhear
 Low music from the Cross.

And yet to all so loving ; when, keen-eyed
 To others' faults, some hastened to condemn,
 Her kind heart still some hidden good espied,
 And gently pled for them.

To homely Sabbath worships, week by week,
 Her way she took, 'neath bright or darkened skies,
 And listening there with patient ear and meek,
 She grew more humbly wise.

In her there had not needed dark heart-throes
 Of agony : simplest Bible-words sufficed,
 And griefs that come to all, to bring her close
 And closer still to Christ.

The earthly vessel was by nature fine,
 And early, light of God found entrance there,
 And all life's woes not dimmed, but made it shine
 More clear and heavenly fair,—

Till even worldly hearts, least like to her,
 Albeit the while they little seemed to heed,
 When they no more beheld her, would aver
 She Christian was indeed.

And country people, whensoe'er they spoke
 Her name, by farmer's hearth or cotter's shed,
 Would call her 'the gude leddy,' and invoke
 A blessing on her head.

At length, as on a garden one night's frost
 Comes down, and blights the flowers in the fall,
 A sudden ailment fell on her ; almost
 She heard the angel's call.

But God, to her life's book one little page
 In mercy added, that her own might see,
 Who early seek Him, in declining age
 How beautiful they be ;

That all her family, with fond patient heed,
 Each gathering round, might know and inly feel,
 To whate'er issues other paths may lead,
 This way lies endless weal."

We think that there are indications in this and other pieces in the volume that Mr. Shairp would do well not always to "daunder" on "the Highland braes," which he has clothed with so much pleasing poetry. If he were to come out on to the open field of human life with some theme of universal interest, he would, we think, produce a work of more lasting worth than *Kilmahoe*. In this he has made his general poetic powers subservient to a description of local

manners and scenery, which is certainly very charming in its freshness and simplicity. He has been very successful in his attempt; and he has caught with great happiness the characteristics of his subject. But he might with profit invert the proportions in which he has kept the two elements in his poem, in which what there is of character and story might have been made predominant, rather than comparatively insignificant.

We have alluded to the great change in the Highlands which has taken place within our own memory—a change almost equal to the transplantation of a people, yet which has awakened wonderfully few complaints. Mr. Shairp's song on the subject, with which we conclude, almost rises to the dignity of a national ballad :

“ From Lochourn to Glenfinnan the grey mountains ranging,
Naught falls on the eye but the changed and the changing ;
From the hut by the lochside, the farm by the river,
Macdonalds and Cameron pass—and for ever.

The flocks of one stranger the long glens are roaming,
Where a hundred bien homesteads smoked bonny at gloaming ;
Our wee crofts run wild wi' the bracken and heather,
And our gables stand ruinous, bare to the weather.

To the green mountain-shealings went up in old summers,
From farm-toun and clachan, how many blithe comers !
Though green the hill-pastures lie, cloudless the heaven,
No milker is singing there, morning or even.

Where high Mam-clach-ard by the ballard is breasted
Ye may see the grey cairns where old funerals rested ;
They who built them have long in their green graves been sleeping,
And their sons gone to exile, or willing or weeping.

The Chiefs, whom for ages our claymores defended,
Whom landless and exiled our fathers befriended,
From their homes drive their clansmen when famine is sorest,
Cast out to make room for the deer of the forest.

Yet on far fields of fame, when the red ranks were reeling,
Who prest to the van like the men from the shealing ?
Ye were fain in your need Highland broadswords to borrow ;
Where, where are they now, should the foe come to-morrow ?

Alas for the day of the mournful Culloden !
The clans from that hour down to dust have been trodden ;
They were leal to their Prince when red wrath was pursuing,
And have reaped in return but oppression and ruin.

It's plaintive in harvest, when lambs are a-spaining,
To hear the hills loud with ewe-mothers complaining ;
Ah, sadder that cry comes from mainland and islands,
The sons of the Gael have no home in the Highlands.”

Dr. M'Carthy on the Epistles throughout the Year.*

THE College of Maynooth seems to promise to the Church in Ireland not only a succession of able and learned professors, by whose means the clergy in general may be amply furnished with the sound theology so essential to a right discharge of their sacred functions among the people, but also a number of practised and scholarlike writers, who may add substantially to the stores of Christian literature, and do no small service to the Church at large. We need not make a catalogue of the eminent names already connected with this college; but we cannot help welcoming the volume just published by Dr. M'Carthy, on the score not only of its intrinsic merits, but also of what it seems to intimate as to the state of scriptural study in the seminary from which it proceeds; and we cannot forget that other works, such as those of Dr. Dixon and Dr. M'Evilly, have already prepared us for the agreeable phenomenon which is now presented to us.

Dr. M'Carthy is evidently a scriptural student of the soundest school. He grounds himself on the Fathers, and especially on the Catholic theologians, as the surest interpreters of the doctrine, without which it is impossible to understand Scripture rightly. We insist particularly on the importance of the theologians, because many of the commentaries of the Fathers which are most commonly current—such, for instance, as the grand homilies of St. Chrysostom—are, in many places, not so much commentaries on the book to which they are attached as moral discourses founded upon the text, and framed, both as to what they make prominent and as to what they leave in the background, upon the exigencies of the time, and the particular needs of the people whom the preacher was addressing. There is often a very careless way of quoting the Fathers on certain texts, when they were simply preaching from them and applying them. No doubt their exposition is compatible with the sacred text; but it does not follow that it is the interpretation of the passage or context which they would have given if they had been lecturing upon it as pro-

* *The Epistles and Gospels of the Sundays throughout the Year: with Notes, critical and explanatory.* By the Rev. Daniel M'Carthy, D.D., Professor of Sacred Scripture and Hebrew, Maynooth College. Dublin, 1866.

fessors. Any one who reads, for example, the commentary of St. Chrysostom on the fifth chapter to the Romans will understand what we mean. The Catholic theologians have gathered the pure and complete doctrine of the Church from the whole ground, as it were, of Sacred Scripture; they have received it by the living tradition of the Church, and, always under her guidance and control, have cast it into its philosophical and logical form. They therefore present us with the whole system which underlies Scripture—without a knowledge of which many an isolated text might be misunderstood, and with which it is as impossible and as illogical to dispense in the interpretation of Holy Writ as it would be to lay aside the rules of grammar or of logic in dealing with language or argument. Moreover, it is by their possession of the theology of the Church that Catholic professors stand on an unapproachable vantage-ground, as compared with their fellow-labourers outside the Church. These can often compete with and surpass them in their critical attainments; though as to this we are glad to find that Dr. M'CCarthy is strenuous in arguing for the essential importance of not leaving them in the possession of any real superiority. They can even read and quote the Fathers as illustrators of Scripture; but neither Scripture nor the Fathers are to them what they are to Catholics, on account of that entire absence of theology which distinguishes all un-Catholic writers of the present time from their predecessors in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. This deficiency is common to all of them, from the higher schools of the Anglicans, down to the wildest classes of Rationalists: it is not less conspicuous in Dr. Pusey than in Dr. Stanley or Mr. Jowett. We are glad to find that Dr. M'CCarthy practically insists on and exemplifies the immense importance of the Catholic theology of the Church for the right understanding and exposition of Sacred Scripture.

It is also a gratification to find that he has abundantly qualified himself for the work of a commentator by an extensive acquaintance with Protestant writers. In all that relates to the antiquarianism of the subject, in the largest sense of the word, these authors have done immense service to Biblical literature. They have left but little more to be done as to illustrations from classical authors, historical questions incidentally connected with scriptural statements, geography, chronology, and the like; and if their labours have been in many cases based upon the previous works of Catholic writers, it must also be frankly acknowledged that they have made us their debtors as well as their creditors. Lastly, Dr. M'CCarthy, as we have already said, argues manfully and earnestly as to the great importance of the study of philology, in which our own days have

witnessed so marked an amount of progress. "I am convinced," he says, "that the unwearied study of the Greek language, and of those critical canons which are falsely said to owe their existence to modern scholarship, and the strictest application of them, serve in nearly every case to bring out more forcibly and clearly the true meaning of God's word in all its beauty and consistency. I cannot see why the same rigorous rules of case, tense, construction, derivation, usage—in short, the same lexical and grammatical aids that avail the classical student in a right understanding of Plato and Thucydides, may not, making due allowance for difference of Attic and Hellenic idioms, be of use also in interpreting St. John and St. Paul" (p. viii.). We fear that this protest—which reads like a simple truism—is not altogether unneeded. There can be no doubt that the Greek language is more thoroughly understood in our own century than in the three that preceded it, in which all scholars, whether Catholic or Protestant, allowed themselves certain liberties in the evasion of grammatical or lexical difficulties—such as that common subterfuge, that one preposition or particle was put for another—which are now most justly considered as intolerable. Yet the great authority on other matters of some of the commentators in whose works these blots are to be found has sometimes made their admirers slow to admit their real character, or to think it worth while to acquire any more deep acquaintance with the delicacies of Greek philology than was possessed by them.

The work of which Dr. M'Carthy has now published the first instalment is meant to furnish a critical and explanatory commentary on the Epistles and Gospels throughout the year. The present part begins with the Epistles, and ranges from Advent Sunday to the Sunday before Pentecost. The Greek text used is that of the Vatican Codex, as edited by Cardinal Mai. The Latin is the Vulgate, from Vercellone's edition of 1861. The Rheims translation furnishes the English version. In the present state of criticism, no one can find fault with an editor who prefers following simply one of the great uncial manuscripts to giving either the well-abused *textus receptus* or a selected text, according to his own judgment. And if one single manuscript is to be followed, no one can be placed higher, by any fair critic, than the Codex Vaticanus. In fact, the German scholar Buttmann has done exactly what Dr. M'Carthy has done. The commentary furnished by our author is very ample, and is usually very sound and intelligent.

We are almost inclined to regret the form into which Dr. M'Carthy has thrown the fruit of his evidently deep studies. Perhaps modesty has deterred him from attempting a commentary

on the Epistles generally, or on some single Epistle as a whole; or perhaps he may have thought that the ground was already fully occupied. If this last was the case, we think he is mistaken. It must be obvious that the short portions selected by the Church for her services on the successive Sundays of the year can hardly be treated with advantage in the thoroughly learned and critical manner in which they are here handled by Dr. M'Carthy. They are so chosen, it would seem, as insulated passages, for their own sake; and they are in beautiful harmony with the other parts of which the sacred service is made up. But a critic must deal with them in connection with their context, and must often consider carefully the place which they occupy in the general argument. Dr. M'Carthy has to supply this thread of connection at the beginning of his commentary; but his readers can hardly be expected to have the rest of the Epistle sufficiently present to their minds to follow him completely. Critically speaking, the Epistles of St. Paul and the other Apostles suffer very much when they are studied piecemeal.

Practical Geology.*

GEOLOGY is one of those branches of knowledge which are gradually forcing themselves into a recognised place among the essential parts of a liberal education; and certainly there cannot be the slightest doubt as to its practical importance. Some of its own votaries must take a fair share of any blame that may have to be distributed in consequence of the opposition with which the science has sometimes been met. They have not only thrown an air of difficulty over their subject by the adoption of a thoroughly barbarous system of nomenclature, and made even its certain conclusions appear questionable by the rapidity with which theory after theory has succeeded one another in their favour, to live a short time, and then to be overturned; but they have gained for themselves an evil name among reflective men by the shallowness of their arguments and the want of logical precision in their conclusions, as well as for a certain ill-disguised recklessness in assailing truths which seem to other men

* *The Applications of Geology to the Arts and Manufactures.* Being six Lectures on Practical Geology, delivered before the Society of Arts as a part of the "Cantor" Series of Lectures for 1865. By Professor D. T. Ansted, M.A., F.R.S. London, 1866.

to rest upon authority more than human. But these faults have not been universal among geologists, nor have they been confined to them among the followers of modern science. There have been many calm and eminently cautious reasoners among them; nor can it be doubted that even the recklessness of conjecture which has disfigured many of the professors of this science has sometimes resulted incidentally in good, by the rapid explosion of theories founded upon insufficient grounds, while the real progress of the science has hardly been impeded by them.

Professor Ansted's name is far too well known not to secure respect and confidence for any work that he may put forward on geological subjects. It appears that Dr. Cantor, of the Indian Medical Service, left, a few years ago, a part of his estate to the Society of Arts; which has been applied by them to the foundation of courses of lectures on the application of science to the arts. The little volume before us contains, in a somewhat expanded form, a set of these lectures, delivered in the course of the last year. It is perfectly crammed with information of great interest; and its style is as clear and simple as the subject allows. At the same time, it can hardly be called a "popular sketch;" it presupposes, in fact, a considerable amount of knowledge which is not yet quite popular. The attempt to embrace so wide a field in so small a compass—for there are but six lectures, though they are by no means short—has, perhaps, to some extent overtasked the author, who might have done better to expand his matter still more than he has done. This, however, is the only fault that can be found with the book, except the inexplicable omission of a good index. A book of this kind wants an index more than any other.

The first lecture—on "Agricultural Geology"—gives us an account of the formation of soils, their component parts, the conditions of their fertility, with very useful hints about mineral manure and drainage. The second—on "Springs and Water-supply"—is an admirable summary of the whole subject, as to which geologists may well claim that an acquaintance with their science is essential. Nothing is more important to the health and comfort of the population of our large towns than a constant and ample supply of pure water; and we need hardly say how much remains to be done in this respect even for London. Professor Ansted's lucid lecture will at all events supply any one who reads it with a clear idea where water is to be got, and how to get it. He seems to favour, for large cities, the plan of collecting the rainfall of a large acreage at a distance into reservoirs, and then bringing it in pipes to the places to be supplied. He mentions with evident favour the scheme proposed some time ago for

supplying London from Bala Lake, in North Wales, notwithstanding the great expense which would have to be incurred for the transport of the water. The remaining lectures deal with minerals, according to the various deposits from which they are obtained. First come the superficial deposits, giving us sands and stream-ores, as to which Professor Ansted gives us a very interesting account of the different auriferous streams in the world. Then come clays, cements, plastery, and artificial stones, of which last Mr. Ransome is the hero. But there is hardly one of these subjects which would not be better handled at greater length. The stratified deposits yield us stone used in construction, fuller's-earth, salt, and bituminous shales. We have here a very interesting account of the capacities of the various stones used in building in this country, as well as all that can be said as to the causes of decay in stone buildings, and the means of their preservation. The same deposits give us also the two great foundations of our material prosperity—ironstone and coal; and to them Professor Ansted devotes a long and interesting lecture. Lastly, he deals with mineral veins, ores, and mining.

We have said enough to indicate the great amount of practical information that is to be found in this little volume. It has, moreover, the accidental merit of being, as far as we are aware, the only popular book on the very important subject of which it treats. We trust to see it become a handbook with a very wide circulation; protesting again, as in duty bound, that every such book is altogether incomplete in itself without a copious index.

The Windeck Family.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE "SOVEREIGN PEOPLE."

THE revolutionary mine which exploded in Paris in the February of 1848 set on fire many others which were ready filled with combustible materials. Florentin was wild with excitement; the era of liberty had begun; democracy would soon break the fetters of Europe, and liberate humanity from all unnatural restraints. He knew, through the secret societies of which he was a member, that the revolution was organised throughout Europe; he must therefore devote himself to the liberation of the fatherland, however strongly he might be drawn to Paris, the great Babylon of the movement, or to Rome, to attack that citadel of priestly tyranny. He abandoned Wurzburg and his studies; not a thought of Windeck weighed on his heart; why should it?

These startling political events had hastened the return of the family; and poor Baroness Isabella, who passed her days in a state of chronic terror, trembled at the sight of the banner which, as usual when the Count was at Windeck, waved over its towers. And, to make matters worse, the Windeck colours were the black-and-gold of Austria. She entreated her brother-in-law, with tears in her eyes, to have the dreadful thing taken down; but the Count replied indignantly that no republican insolence should alter the custom of the house. Uriel and Orest had entered the Austrian service, as soon as it became clear what turn things were taking; the former took his resolution at once; and Orest actually bade adieu to the delights of the Berlin opera and ballet to go with his brother to Lombardy. He had written to ask Florentin to meet him at Windeck, and tell him his plans; but no answer came. Then Orest went to Wurzburg to make inquiries of Hyacinth, who was there studying theology. But Florentin had vanished, no one knew whither.

"So I have nurtured a revolutionary basilisk in my house," said the Count.

"Thank God," said Levin, "that it is only one out of four!"

"And that one not a Windeck," added Damian.

Ernest was a guest at the Castle at this time; the Count had invited him to finish the portrait there; and Ernest willingly agreed. He liked all the family; and for Regina he had a feeling of affectionate veneration; so he was regularly installed in a little studio which the Baroness had prepared for him. The Count, a thorough *grand seigneur* in his notions of hospitality, was always glad to

entertain guests; and, at this anxious time, Ernest's cheerful tone of mind was a real refreshment; while the Baroness saw an additional defender in every male inmate. Regina and Corona were brave with the fearlessness of youth and of childlike trust in God.

One evening Levin proposed a walk to meet the Count, who had driven to the estate where his brother Gratian used to live. The Baroness was not of the party. The girls made Ernest tell them about his travels: Regina wondered whether there was any spot of earth beautiful enough to make one forget to long for Heaven. Corona was sure that there was no more beautiful spot to be found than her dear Windeck.

"And yet, little Countess," answered Ernest, "I must say that the coasts of the south, clothed with cactus, aloe, and myrtle, and mirrored in the brilliant sea, or the granite rocks and glaciers of the Alps, are grander and more picturesque than the little Maine with the offshoots of the Odenwald and Spessart. But, after all, you are not far wrong; for the elements of beauty are the same every where, and the wisdom and power of the Creator are to be found in all His works."

"There, then, I am justified in my predilection for Windeck!"

She kept going backwards and forwards from one to another, after the manner of children; all of a sudden she screamed out, for she saw a stone whirling through the air, and the next moment Levin fell, murmuring, "Jesus — Mary." They thought he was dead, and knelt round him in unspeakable horror and grief. The blood streamed from the wound on his temple; Regina stanchd it with her handkerchief, while Corona supported his head. Ernest longed to search for the assailant; but it was growing dusk, and how could he leave those girls alone?

"What *shall* we do?" sobbed the little one.

"We must wait for my father," said Regina; "he cannot be long now."

Then Levin opened his eyes, saying, "It is nothing, dear children; you must bind it up the best way you can, and then we will go home." And he really did get up; but what relief it was when the sound of wheels was heard!

When they all reached Windeck startling news awaited them; though the sight of the wounded Levin made those at the Castle forget every thing else for the moment. A messenger from Stamburg had brought a few lines from the Baron, saying that the old Baroness had had a stroke; and Count Damian had to start immediately. Levin's wound was severe, but not dangerous if fever did not come on. So he said cheerfully, "Now you see there is no cause for anxiety; it is just a prick from our Lord's crown of thorns."

No sooner was the Count off, than the banner came down, and with it a stone was taken from the Baroness Isabella's heart. Late in the evening, Regina's maid, Bridget, came in, saying there was a report that a mob was on its way to demand arms from the Count. Ernest went to the antechamber of Levin's room, and beckoned to Regina. She said to her maid, "Do not be afraid; we are in God's hand. I

will speak to the men who brought the news." It was more easily said than done. The servants were all talking together in the hall, advising measures of defence—the doors should be barricaded, the shutters put up, all the plate and valuables sent to Engelberg, and all the arms put out in the court, so that there might be no pretence for breaking into the castle.

"What cowardice!" cried Regina; "let every thing remain just as usual; and if they come to make any demands, call me."

"Regina," said her aunt, "God knows to what insults you would expose yourself; I will never allow it."

"Dear aunt, I am the eldest daughter of the house, and I must take my father's place. I am doing my duty; and no one will think of insulting me."

"Child, child, kings and rulers have given way before these representatives of the sovereign people, and will you venture to refuse them a few arms?"

"If the kings and rulers let the sovereign people force their arsenals, that is their affair: but it has nothing to do with us. Besides, I consider we belong to the sovereign people as much as any blouse-wearer among them."

Then she turned to the servants:

"Get some torches ready to light when we give audience to these gentlemen of the blouse, if they should come."

"O, they will come," wailed the Baroness; "they will take advantage of your father's absence."

"Do they know that, then?"

"Of course: I had the flag taken down."

Regina could not help smiling; then she said:

"Mind you call me in good time; for I don't want the sovereign people in the hall: I will speak to them outside."

She went next to her father's apartments, through the study and the bedroom, to a very tastefully arranged little arsenal, panelled in oak, and decorated with all manner of arms arranged as trophies. Many of them were very ancient and curious, collected with great trouble and expense. It was the Count's hobby, and still more so that of the young men. Regina locked the door, took out the key, and going back into the drawing-room said:

"Now the gold-fish in the fountain will have an iron companion."

The Baroness looked at her in mute astonishment, and as she stepped out on the terrace, Ernest asked, "What is she going to do?"

"To throw the key of the gun-room into the fountain," she answered. "Did you ever hear of such courage in a young girl?"

"Countess Regina hears every day in the Holy Mass, *Adjutorium nostrum in nomine Domini*," said Ernest: "she is courageous, because she believes what she hears: take courage yourself, Baroness."

"Now," said Regina, as she came in, "I am going to uncle Levin: "if I am called away, take my place, please, Herr Ernest, and do not let him suspect any thing. What a blessing his rooms look towards the garden!"

"No," said the Baroness; "I will go to him: Herr Ernest must be with you."

"Then be very careful, dear aunt, not to alarm him."

She went to the chapel then; and when she left it, it was nearly dark, and a heavy storm threatened in the west. As she came into the hall, a servant met her, saying the men were in the court asking for the Count or some one in the castle.

"Very well; I will go on the steps and speak to them. Now, dear aunt, go to uncle Levin." But both the Baroness and Corona clung to her, and would not let her stir. "Let us go into the chapel, then," she said.

But directly her aunt and sister had entered, she turned quickly round, and fastened the door on the outside. In the hall Bridget threw a mantle round her, and she went out and remained standing on the top step, while a party of about fifteen men advanced towards her.

She said, "You asked to speak to my father: he is not at home. What is it you want with him?"

"We are going to Holstein," said one; "And to Baden," cried another: "No, to Holstein."

"Pray do not make any noise," she said, "and tell me as quickly as possible what you want with my father. We have a sick person in the house, who must not be disturbed."

"We are going to fight for the liberty of Germany, and we require arms; we know there is a regular *dépôt* of them here, and they can be used in no better cause."

"You are mistaken; my father has only fowling-pieces, and some curious old arms, quite unfit for purposes of war."

"Ah! the chase will soon be free for all to follow; so he will not want his guns any more; we will use them better."

"I am sorry I must refuse you: I have no right to dispose of my father's property: you must see that I have not. I cannot give what is not mine."

"You need not; you can lend them."

"I have no right to do that either."

"Then we will take them!"

"But *you* have no right to do that," said Regina, in the same quiet tone. "So, as you see, I cannot grant your request, and as it is late, and a storm is coming on, and our invalid wants me——"

"O, the old priest!"

"How do you know that I spoke of my uncle?"

"We shall return in a day or so," said the spokesman, hurriedly; "and we shall rely on the defenders of liberty being provided with what is needful."

"God be with you!" said Regina. And they went away singing "Sea-girt Schleswig-Holstein."

If Ernest had been there, he would have seen a very striking *tableau vivant*. The light streamed from the windows and the open hall-door on the groups of men, falling on one figure here and another there, but leaving the whole a dark shapeless mass. Regina stood

opposite to them on the top step of the broad flight, and the torches which the servants held showed her clearly in her white dress and blue mantle. She waited till the hoarse voices had died away in the distance, and then hastening to the chapel, she knelt one moment before the Tabernacle, nodded to the poor terrified Baroness, and ran up the staircase, and through her room to uncle Levin, with whom she found Ernest and Corona. She knelt by the bed, and kissed his hand; very tenderly he laid it on her graceful head, saying, "See how God's dear Mother loves you."

"The sovereign people, Countess, do not tread quite so lightly as you," Ernest explained; "and as your uncle heard them and was uneasy, I thought it best to say what was going on: so you must thank me for the 'Salve Regina' he has been saying for you."

"And where have you been, my pet?" And she caressed her little sister, who was clinging to her neck.

"Why, I ran out of the chapel into your room; and Bridget and I saw every thing."

"Yes," said Ernest drily, "but for the little Countess's curiosity she might have relieved me at my post: then I could have gone to Countess Regina."

"Well, Herr Ernest," said Corona, in an injured whisper, "aunt Isabella might have come."

"O, poor aunt Isabella!" cried Regina; "I must bring her here; she will not be easy till she sees us all together."

When she was gone, Ernest said to Corona, "Your sister is a pearl of price, little Countess."

"Yes, and just imagine! she wants to be a nun."

"Does she?" he cried, joyfully: "that is right; she looks like it."

"But papa won't let her, and we none of us want her to go," said the child; "so it will come to nothing."

"It will come to whatever is the will of God," answered Ernest; and Levin added, "Amen."

Next morning, when Bridget was brushing Regina's hair, she declared that she had recognised Florentin among the mob of the preceding evening. It was startling news, and Regina's heart sank, although she tried not to believe it, and told her maid she must be mistaken. But Bridget was right; Florentin *was* there.

CHAPTER IX.

THREE YEARS AFTER.

THREE years always bring some changes; but three years after a revolution bring them in crowds. A very crushing blow had fallen on the Miranes family. The rich banker was ruined, with hundreds more, in that year of catastrophes, political and financial. It was said that the family went to Brazil; but all that was certain was, that when Ernest had gone as usual to give Judith her lesson, the day after the *tableaux vivants*, she was quite composed, and spoke of the late events in Paris as coolly as of the weather. Two days later she sent back a picture which he had lent her, with a note, enclosing what was

owing to him, and a few lines saying that she and her mother were going to travel for some months. When he called to take leave, they were gone: soon after, the banker's ruin had become universally known. As to the Windeck family, Regina's beauty had gained in interest from the touch of melancholy which is the result of hope deferred in a nature like hers, which never complains and is never irritable. Corona had grown a very lovely creature, with the most wonderful eyes imaginable, so deep and dark and wistful. The Count adored his beautiful child, and indeed she was the darling of the house. Uriel had left the army, at the close of the war in Lombardy, and had reëntered the diplomatic career. The times, with their confusion and perplexity, had deepened the gravity of his earnest nature, and he resolved no longer to dream away his life as he had done. He went to London, Vienna, Florence; returning from time to time to Windeck, and showing to all that his heart, his whole future were bound up in Regina; but he never distressed her by speaking of his love in all these three years; and she was deeply touched by this unselfish forbearance, in spite of which their position was full of embarrassment and pain. Just before he left Windeck he met her accidentally on the terrace; she joined him, and said gently, in her sweet serious way, "Uriel, you know you may trust me, and believe all that I say; dear Uriel, do not wait."

His voice was gentle and serious as her own, as he answered:

"Regina, you are not so patient as I am; we are not yet half through the ten years."

She closed her eyes for an instant, with an expression of intense suffering; then she said, "God's will be done!"

"Is it not yet clear to you?" he asked.

"To me it is, perfectly," she answered; "but not to you;" then she added with a sad smile, "what a pity that we are both so obstinate, and what a blessing that God will settle things His own way without consulting us!"

It will be remembered that Count Damian had been summoned to Stamberg by his mother's illness. After all, her husband died the first; the Baroness soon after falling ill of a slow and painful disease. Regina begged so hard to go and nurse her grandmother that the Count could not refuse her. He would have parted with her still more unwillingly had not Corona been now able to take her sister's place in riding or playing billiards, at the piano and at the tea-table. Little did he guess what it cost her to leave the chapel and all the unspeakable consolations which flow into the faithful soul from the Presence of the Blessed Sacrament.

He said to Levin: "It is quite curious, that girl's fancy for making sacrifices. I have my doubts about her poor grandmamma's appreciating this one."

"So have I; but it is all the better for Regina. There are still, you see, some souls in the world who choose, as St. Catherine of Siena did, when our Lord offered her a crown of flowers and one of thorns. By God's grace Regina is one of them."

"Ah, it must be that; and your example, dear uncle, I am sure,"

said the Count naïvely; "I have done nothing to set her imitating the saints."

"And," said Levin, "it proves how she holds to her vocation and her vow."

"Dear me," said the Count nervously, "she has never alluded to the subject; so I thought the idea was gradually dying out."

"My dear Damian, do you know her character so little? and so little of the working of God's grace? I know she says nothing; why should she? she has said, once for all, what there is to say. I believe Regina's first love will be her last, and her only one."

"What a thing it is!" groaned the Count; "and to say the truth, I believe you are right, though I try not to believe it. How her face lighted up when some one spoke of the Convent of Himmelsporten. When she looks like that, I know she feels glad at heart. No doubt she hopes to enter Heaven through 'Heaven's gates'* as a Carmelite."

"I am very glad," said Levin, "that you are getting accustomed to the thought."

"I would give in at once, if only Uriel would fall in love with Corona instead of Regina; but unfortunately he is not inconstant."

"You are certainly very unfortunate in your children," said Levin laughing.

The old Baroness made Regina more welcome than was anticipated—not for love's sake, but because she soon saw that her granddaughter was quite able to transact her business, keep her accounts, and write her letters. Regina did it all cheerfully—seeing the will of God in it—as she did in every duty that lay before her; and when the Count came from time to time to Stamberg, her grandmother was warm (for her) in her praise. But if Regina hoped through her love and submission to turn the Baroness's heart to the Source of all love, she was mistaken. She had always contented herself with a cold knowledge of what *she* thought Christianity; and her life had always been virtuous, as the world understands the word. Perhaps St. Gregory of Nyssa, who defines virtue as "the practical love of God," would have rated that of the Baroness less highly. But she knew nothing of the saints; her favourite authors were Herder and Jean Paul. She died, at last, in Regina's arms; and if she had not held the crucifix before her failing eyes, and said the prayers for the dying beside her, it might have been the deathbed of a heathen.

Great was the astonishment of the Count at his mother's will; it was made in favour of Uriel, not Orest; why, no one knew. The Baroness died in the spring of 1851, and in the summer the Count went with his daughters to England. All Europe made a pilgrimage that year to the Crystal Temple of the Goddess of Industry in Hyde Park. Orest was wonderfully startled by his grandmother's will at first, and wonderfully composed almost immediately afterwards. It was a great surprise, to be sure, and not an agreeable one, after

* Himmelsporten means "Heaven's gates."

having looked forward all his life to being the owner of Stamberg; but it was settled now, and there was an end of it. He was the same Orest as ever—easy-going, pleasure-seeking, superficial, and self-absorbed. He cared for nothing, considered nothing beyond the enjoyment of the moment; and he did not even know how every high and noble quality of head and heart must run to waste and go to ruin in such a life. He was a splendid soldier; in the campaigns in Lombardy and Hungary he had distinguished himself in every way; always alert, always punctual, brave in battle, fearless in danger, he was liked by his superior officers, idolised by his men. It was Orest's bright side. A soldier's life was his element; *there* he knew no ennui; *there* he could be self-denying, magnanimous even; but out of it he was incapable of the smallest self-sacrifice or the easiest self-conquest. When the campaign was over, his regiment was stationed at Milan; that suited him exactly; a splendid opera, first-rate *corps de ballet*, and the Tyrolese Alps quite near enough to get leave in summer to shoot chamois. What more could a fellow want? Money, of course; and hitherto Count Damian had supplied him liberally; no doubt Uriel would do the same now; and if so, what on earth did he want with a dreary place in the Odenwald? He came to meet Uriel at Windeck, before the latter settled at Stamberg. If only he had the prospect of seeing Regina its mistress, Uriel would have been very happy. A country life, with its quiet occupations and round of duties, suited him. He settled matters easily enough with Orest, only begging him not to exceed the very liberal sum agreed upon; and Orest, who found nothing easier than making a promise, gave it readily.

He accompanied his uncle and cousins to London: and one day, in the Crystal Palace, as they were approaching the part where laces were exhibited, he suddenly left them and joined two very elegantly-dressed women who were admiring these costly fabrics. The voice of one of them seemed familiar to Regina, as she said, in answer to some remark of Orest's, "We are too new in London to be able to like these tremendous crushes." And she was passing on; but Orest kept at her side; and Regina whispered to her father:

"It is that beautiful Judith Miranes, and her mother."

"Why, I thought they were in Brazil. And how did Orest get to know her? He must tell us all about it."

He only reappeared in time for a ride which had been settled; and then, in answer to the Count's question, where he had met the fair Jewess? he answered, "Where you may meet her any day—at the Italian Opera, where she is prima donna." And he took up the paper, and showed Regina the announcement of her appearance in the part of Desdemona.

"Well," said the Count, "I will go for once. What do you all say?"

Regina declined; Corona begged Orest to tell her the story of *Othello*; then she said it was too horrible—she should stay at home.

By and by Orest asked them to guess whom he had met since the morning? but they voted it too much trouble; so he had to tell.

"I had just taken La Giuditta and her mother to their carriage, when I saw a face I recognised instantly. He knew me too, and tried to lose himself in the crowd. However, I was too sharp for him, and caught him by the arm. It was Florentin."

"Well, is he sick of his republican mania, and has he found his senses again? How does he talk now?"

"Worse than ever. I made him give an account of himself. He said, when 'the cause' was lost in Germany, he made his way to Rome. That was splendid, of course! The Pope a fugitive, and Mazzini in full force! But, dreadful to relate, in spite of Mazzini and his assassinations, &c., even there things were not quite ripe for the Red Republic; so he tried America next."

"I wish he had stayed there," said Baroness Isabella. "I hope you will never receive him again."

"Did he actually confess all this—Mazzini and the rest of it?" asked the Count.

"Confess! Certainly not. He gloried in these acts of republican heroism, this devotion to liberty, this hatred to the Church."

"And how did he like America?"

"Not at all. I asked him if he could not get on there as a physician; but he said no, nothing prospered there but trade and speculation. And England pleases him very little better. However, here he is, waiting his time, which he vows will come."

"And didn't he ask after papa and uncle Levin?" said Corona.

"To be sure—after every body. I told him uncle Levin was as great a saint, papa as great an aristocrat, Hyacinth as great an Ultramontane, Uriel as thorough a gentleman, and you ladies as pious, as ever. 'Ah, yes,' he said, 'you are regular Windecks; you are not the sort of persons for the coming era; our roads lie apart.'"

"And those are all the thanks Florentin Hauptmann has for the house of Windeck," said the Count. "Well, how did you part?"

"He wrote his address in my pocket-book, and I gave him a hundred-pound note."

"I think you are crazy, Orest!"

"My dear uncle, he saved my life; that leaves me always in his debt. It is not the way of our house to be stingy over a couple of gulden."

"I beg to say," growled the Count, "that what you gave him comes to 1,200 gulden."

"Think of that!" cried Orest, with naïve astonishment; "that is a lot of money. But there, it's done now. I will call on him to-morrow; let us see where he puts up."

He looked through every leaf of his pocket-book: no address was to be found.

"Look at that now! Instead of writing the address, he has quietly torn out a leaf! Well, it can't be helped. Now, Queen and Crown!" he went on, playing on the names of his cousins, "come for a ride; it will be charming in Hyde Park."

CHAPTER X.

THE NIGHTINGALE OF CINTRA.

THAT evening crowds filled the opera-house, to see and hear "La Giuditta" as Desdemona. It was a regular triumph. The gentlemen applauded, the ladies were in tears. Since Pasta and Malibran, such a voice had never been heard. It was a golden voice; so full, and rich, and pure. Sontag's and Jenny Lind's were silver ones at best, in comparison. It was reported that she had said that the character of Desdemona made her think of the scent of orange-blossoms in an Italian night: so much warmth and so much tenderness. And to-night, when Judith appeared, the stage was covered with a shower of orange-blossoms; and her quiet dignified composure only heightened the general enthusiasm. Poor Judith! she was not easily excited or pleased; the reverse of fortune which had befallen her did not tend to make the world very bright to her. Her father had been quite crushed by it. At sixty years of age he could not begin over again to make a fortune. Madame Miranes was an exception to most of the daughters of her people: she knew nothing of business, retrenchment, or management. She had done nothing all her life but spend money; and now, instead of helping her husband, she made things worse. Judith stood between her parents, ready to help and to comfort. The loss of their fortune and social position did not touch her personally very deeply. They went to Bordeaux, where Madame Miranes had two brothers in prosperous circumstances, who, with a readiness to help not always found in Christian families, offered their brother-in-law the means of entering a house with whom they had relations in Lisbon. But fortune seemed to have deserted him. This house did not flourish; he grew more feeble and sickly; his wife more depressed and helpless. Judith suffered for them. For herself, she could have been happy there, in the little villa among the citron-groves of Cintra; but the melancholy of her parents gradually infected her. She was a loving and dutiful child, and she longed to be able to restore to them the comforts and luxuries of former days. But what could she do? A relation of her father's touched at Lisbon, on his way from Cadiz to Mexico. He saw Judith, and proposed for her at once. He was immensely rich, and Judith's refusal took her parents by surprise. They represented all the advantages of the marriage, the luxurious life she would lead in Mexico. They said it was her duty to consider her parents; but it was all in vain. The poor girl wept bitterly, but she persisted in her refusal. The suitor sailed, and her life was more painful than ever. But what could she do? She had never known what love was; and till she did, she would not marry. Indeed it was very unlikely altogether; for if she ever loved, it would be to gain happiness; and Ernest had once said that no human being could make another entirely happy: and love had made her sister unhappy: she never forgot that.

One day, her mother, who liked finding out that she had fellow-sufferers, told Judith how Sontag, after having left the stage so many years, and lived in the best society, had returned to her former career to make a fortune for her children. "I would do the same, if I had the talent," she said. It flashed like lightning through Judith's mind—"Perhaps I have!" But she said nothing. She might be mistaken; and it would not do to disappoint her mother. There was an excellent academy of music in Lisbon, and Judith applied to the director of it, at first merely for instruction. After that, all went on easily, and Judith Miranes became in due time "the nightingale of Cintra," la Giuditta, and prima donna. So she lived the life of a fêted actress. She was admired, envied, surrounded by professional cabals, by homage and flattery—a brilliant, worthless, empty life, all froth and glitter, perhaps the most perilous life that can be, because it awakens every evil inclination of the heart. The one aim of such a life is—to please men. And this was now Judith's *métier*. She had to study the look, the tone, the attitude, which must set in motion the electric chain of applause. Even the turn of her head, the folds of her dress, must be planned so as to produce an effect. But as she really had talent of a high order, all this was no trouble to her. It was very different with the admiration she excited off the stage—that was simply wearisome to her. Judith was too proud a woman to be a vain one, and she thought of her art, not of herself. Some called this indifference coquetry; others maintained that an unhappy *affaire de cœur* was the cause of it. She never altered her manner, never spoke of the circumstances which had induced her to go on the stage. She lived with her parents, and never appeared in public without her mother. She went from Lisbon to America, where her father died; and now, when half Europe flocked to London in this year of the great Exhibition, the nightingale of Cintra too flew across the Atlantic, and came with all the prestige of her American reputation to England. Once she was persuaded to sing at a concert on behalf of some charitable institution, and here Regina and Corona heard her sing "Ombra adorata." Corona could not keep back her tears, and told Orest she envied him for knowing her so well.

"Yes," he answered, "she is wonderfully interesting."

"And what a soul she must have to sing with that heavenly expression!"

"O, what a child you are! That is all a question of art."

He visited Judith frequently. Once, when by good fortune he found her alone with her mother, she greeted him with a liveliness very rare with her.

"Count Orest, I am glad. Congratulate me! I am going to leave this foggy atmosphere, and to visit the land of music. I am going to Milan, to sing at La Scala."

"Then I congratulate *myself*, first of all; for I live in Milan. But are you so seldom glad, that one must congratulate you on being so now?"

"I should not think gladness is a very common thing with any

one, except children," she answered. "I know it is not so with me; and when I begin to think what the word means, I see that my engagement at La Scala does not really observe the name."

"But why define it at all? It is enough to enjoy it."

"One must feel it first," said Judith.

"Now is not my daughter very unreasonable?" said Madame Miranes. "With every material for happiness, she is always melancholy."

"But what does it all come to?" Judith asked. "Ballast to keep the ship afloat!"

Orest was triumphant. He should see her in Milan, and have plenty of opportunities for winning her heart. Of his success he had no doubt. "It will take some time, and it will not be easy, I can see that," he reflected; "but she is well worth waiting and striving for. All easy conquests lose their charm so quickly, and come to an end; but that Judith, with all her coldness and reserve, knows how to fix one's heart!" He had seen and admired her exactly four weeks: that was Orest's idea of fixing the heart!

CHAPTER XI.

THE DEATH OF A HOPE.

It was a splendid day; the sun shone from the deep-blue sky, with that peculiar golden glow of autumn, on the woods, which were dressed in every varied tint, from pale lemon-colour to deep blood-red. Here and there a few fir-trees rose, tall and dark, out of this golden sea of foliage, whose waves heaved and sank from the slopes of the Odenwald to the meadows at its foot. Far away, the ridge of the mountains was sharply defined by a black line of pine-woods cutting between the blue sky and the changing bronze-colour of the forest; and the meadows were completely covered with the amethyst urns of the meadow-saffron. In the midst of this billowy sea of wood stood Schloss Stamberg in its stately mediæval grandeur, like a lighthouse on a rock in the sea. Juliana had kept it in admirable condition; perhaps she was nearer loving Stamberg than any thing on earth; for it was *hers* altogether and absolutely, and could not oppose her will! The whole place had a peculiar and romantic charm. It was retired, almost solitary, without being gloomy or dull.

Hyacinth was spending a part of his vacation here; and both the brothers enjoyed a companionship they had not known for years, Uriel's leave never having been at the same time as Hyacinth's vacation. Uriel delighted in his brother, as in a new edition of uncle Levin. Hyacinth loved and admired Uriel with all his heart; but he was very anxious about him. He saw with what tenacity he held to the programme of happiness he had sketched; and if it was God's will that this programme should never be carried out, how would Uriel take it? The brothers were sitting in a room overlooking the park and the waving woods. They were examining designs for a chapel which Uriel was going to build, and Hyacinth

said, "But you will get confused with so many plans! The chapel would be nearly ready, if you had followed the first one."

There was a pause before Uriel replied, "I want Regina to choose. They cannot stay away much longer; it is nearly four months now. She has such good taste, and she has seen so many fine buildings, that I should like her advice; besides, it is for her that I shall build."

Hyacinth put down the drawing, and laid his hand affectionately on his brother's while he said, "Build *castles* for Regina, if you will; but the place where God's Altar will be must be built for God."

Uriel passed his hand over his forehead, and replied, "You are right, of course; and yet it seems to me that what I do for her is done for God, the two ideas are so bound together in my heart."

"That is, your heart forgets God, and makes an idol of her; and then tries to cheat itself into the belief that this worship of a creature is the same as the worship of God."

"O Hyacinth! reasoning coldly, you will always be right in these matters; but I can quote St. Augustine on my side, and say, 'Give me one who loves, and he will understand me.'"

Hyacinth smiled.

"That is very artfully said; but he was no more speaking of earthly love than when he said, 'Love, and do what you will.'"

"Well, Hyacinth, when I am once sure of my happiness, you shall be satisfied. Joy and gratitude will teach me how to love God; but now, in this state of suspense, uncertainty, and longing, I am blind and deaf to every thing but the *one* thing: like a hunter on the watch."

"And if you fail of your happiness—what then, Uriel?"

"I do not know. All my future is built on Regina; and through her I must know unutterable joy or unutterable pain. She is not one to be loved and forgotten. Can a man let his dearest treasure be taken from him with indifference? The more precious it is, the more earnestly he will strive to keep it."

"But it is not a question of a treasure being stolen, but of a reasonable being, who claims, as you do, to secure her happiness. What that happiness is you know; you have known it for four years. *Her* resolution is taken; is it not cowardly not to take *yours*?"

"It is no cowardice," cried Uriel passionately. "But I love her; and every one who loves would tell you that he can face any danger, any pain bravely, and yet fear *this* pain worse than death. One does not court suffering like that, my brother; one waits till it comes."

"And do you really mean to wait six years here alone at Stamburg, and then see Regina go to the convent? O Uriel, do not waste your life, your strength, your youth, in such a hopeless dream. Be generous! Give up all claim on Regina; then her father will consent to her wish, and she will find peace."

"Hyacinth, I have only one answer—I love her. For her and with her I will make Stamburg a paradise of all that is good and beautiful; without her —"

"Well, without her?" asked Hyacinth.

"Without her—the curtain falls," answered Uriel.

"Just now," Hyacinth said, "you quoted St. Augustine. These are some of his words: 'No earthly beauty or joy could ever make me happy; they made me tired, but did not give me rest. A happy life is one that finds its joy in truth and in Thee, my God; for Thou art Eternal Truth.'"

Uriel answered: "Augustine had no Regina to love."

"He loved a creature," said Hyacinth, "as you do; and the mother of Adeodatus had that in her which makes great saints out of great sinners: she understood self-sacrifice; she left him, and spent the rest of her life in penance. He loved her very dearly; and yet you see what he says, that his heart knew no rest till it rested in God."

A long silence followed, which was broken by a servant who announced that Count Windeck's carriage was in sight; and Hyacinth saw his brother's face become perfectly radiant with joy, as he flew down stairs. Soon Count Damian's hearty voice was heard:

"Here we are, my lad; come to see how Count Stamberg is getting on! Now, are we welcome guests or not?"

Uriel's face was answer enough.

"Poor Prince Uriel! he has lost his speech in his enchanted palace," said Corona silyly.

"The little fairy Corona will soon give it back to me," he said, in the light tone which is so often assumed in moments of deep emotion to keep the heart from overflowing.

Regina greeted him with her own affectionate earnestness. How beautiful she looked in her slight mourning! The gray-silk dress, with the little white bonnet and black lace veil, suited her exactly. Her aunt and sister wore the very same dress, but I do not suppose Uriel would have believed it. He felt as if she were taking possession of Stamberg; as if he could never let her leave it; as if all uncertainty were over, and the glad fulfilment of his wishes at hand. The Count had no notion of all this; but he had an idea that it was a good stroke to bring Regina here; that it would be a sort of rehearsal of the day when she would come to Stamberg as a bride. *She* understood both Uriel and her father; and resolved that, before this visit was over, she would speak so decidedly that they too should understand *her*.

Hyacinth went every morning to hear Mass. It was a good hour's walk; and when Regina begged him to take her with him, saying that after Hyacinth was gone she should be limited to Sunday if her father prolonged his stay, he asked her if she could manage the long walk in the chilly morning?

"Do you suppose I can think the way long from Stamberg to the altar, when our Lord comes down from Heaven to it?"

"Well, I did not suppose it—I only asked," he said simply.

The next morning, on their return, Uriel met them at the door.

"O Regina," he said entreatingly, "why did you not tell me, and you could have been driven to Mass? Now your father is quite in a way about your walking all in the dark and fog, as he says."

"Never mind, dear Uriel. You know papa; it would have been just the same if I had driven in the dark and fog," she answered, smiling. "And to-day I did especially want to go: it is Saint Teresa's feast, and I wished to renew my vow before the Blessed Sacrament."

He turned deadly pale. Then she said, "Come into the park with me;" and signing to Hyacinth to go in, she walked silently beside Uriel till they reached a sunny open space on a gentle slope, where garden-seats were placed under a magnificent oak, for the sake of the view. There she sat down, and Uriel followed her example.

"Dear Uriel," and her voice trembled as she began, "I cannot say how grieved I am to be here; but you know my father will have his way."

He answered gloomily: "Yes, I know that you grudge me every joy."

"Not so, dear Uriel; if it lay in my power to give you joy, you should have it."

"Empty words," he answered; "you know well that it *is* in your power, and only in yours."

"You forget that I am not free."

"You can easily be made free."

"But you forget that my heart is bound, and no dispensation can set that free."

"Be it so," he said, with an impatient movement; "I must wait."

"And, Uriel, for what?"

"You shall not be happy without me," he exclaimed passionately, "so long as I can hinder it."

"Uriel, is that generous? O, do not slander your nature so. You do not mean that, but you mean to nourish a vain hope. You want me to be faithless, and then to give my faith to you—a poor security for your happiness. You would hardly choose for your wife one who had hesitated ten years between you and another man; and when it is between God and a man! No, Uriel; let us both be and do what we can. All your prospects are changed by this unexpected inheritance: here is your place, here will be your round of duties. It will be for you to adorn your home with your own virtues, and one day with those of a loving pious wife: follow your vocation, and let me follow mine. Ah, Uriel, your life might be so beautiful! it lies with you."

"My life might be all you say, I know; but only through you, only with you, Regina; and I do not understand how you can cling so firmly to your love, and bid me forget mine."

"Because in one case it is the love of a creature, in the other of the Creator. There are plenty of Reginas; but my Love is the Only One."

"You are slandering my nature now, Regina, by supposing that I can transfer my affection so lightly, and to some one else, no matter who, it seems. Christian benevolence and the love of our neighbour are not sufficient for a union which decides irrevocably the happiness

of two persons. There must be something more than this; there must be that mysterious, inexplicable attraction of the heart which we call love, which chooses *one* out of thousands, out of all the world. Tell me, if you will, that it may bring misery instead of happiness. I do not deny it; but I maintain that whether the heart learns this exclusive love in joy and consolation, or in pain and anguish, it makes an impassable gulf between the *one* and all the world beside. I know of course that people marry without any such feeling, and get on well enough. Human nature accommodates itself marvelously to circumstances; and a person may be very contented in Kamschatka, when he was not so in the warm sunny south, supposing that duty, or a thousand reasons besides, made him go to Kamschatka. But, Regina, that is only saying that people are satisfied with many things besides love, and that what makes one person happy would never make another so; and as to transferring its affections to another, every loving heart rejects the idea: mine, at any rate, is wedded to you for time and eternity."

She was very pale.

"No, Uriel, no; that would be folly, perhaps sin."

"And have *you* alone the right to make a vow, which others call folly?"

She answered firmly: "*My* folly is the folly of the Cross, and *my* will is in accordance with the purposes of God for His creatures, while yours is in opposition to them."

"And why should it be impossible to love God *and* one of His creatures?" Uriel cried. "Believe me, you would have a wider field to work for God in, here than in the cloister. You should have a hospital, a school, whatever you desire: you should have it, Regina, under your own roof. And see, the castle is so large, it could be easily arranged; it is only to remove the stables, and throw out a wing by the chapel. You have only to say the word, and it shall be done."

"I believe it, Uriel. I am sure of it." And she looked at him affectionately. "But if you say that the love in your heart prevents you marrying another whom you do not love, how can I give a promise to you, with the love that is in mine? Certainly it would go ill with the world if one could not, as you say, love God *and* one of His creatures; only you see I am as exclusive in my way as you are in yours; and so I just keep to the old story, *Solo Dios basta*. We are come, it seems to me, to a turning-point in your life, and that God has led you there to see your way clearly; that is why I thought it right to say what I have done, and to tell you that I am not to blame for the pain which our being here may cause you."

She attempted to rise; but Uriel caught her hand, and said passionately, "Stay! if we *are* at a turning-point in my life, it cannot be reached yet; I cannot be already condemned to darkness. You must hear *me* now."

"And what more have you to say?" she asked.

He looked at her, and said slowly, "I love you."

She turned her eyes away gently and sorrowfully, and let them

rest on the lovely smiling landscape. He too was silent, looking at her delicate profile, and graceful noble figure with the morning-glory round her, like the nimbus of a saint.

"I love you," he went on, "and nothing has any value for me except in connection with you. I love you. And now, Regina, go your way, and I will go mine."

"To God, Uriel?"

"As you understand the words—scarcely."

She answered lightly, to hide her pain of heart:

"Remember Goethe's *Prometheus*: 'shall I hate life, and fly to the desert, because all my flowers have not turned to fruit?'"

"My Goethe mania is over, Regina."

"So much the better; you are a step nearer to God; every broken idol is an offering to Him. You will one day smile in the same way at your Regina mania."

"Perhaps so; but it will be a sad day for me; for in loving you I love a revelation of holiness; in Goethe it was one of intellect and genius; all that is now less than nothing to me. I love you, Regina!"

She rose quickly, and said:

"Uriel, it is enough; you know all my heart now; I must leave your future in God's hands; but one promise I will make solemnly now: I will never come again to Stamberg. Never! if I should have twenty years to wait before I reach Mount Carmel, Uriel, I will never come again to Stamberg."

Uriel too had risen; he looked at the fair sunny scene before them one moment, then he said:

"The curtain falls. Let us go."

CHAPTER XII.

FAREWELL!

COUNT DAMIAN sat on the balcony smoking a cigar and reading the papers. The tête-à-tête under the oak, which he saw in the distance, filled the poor man with an ungrounded satisfaction; so it was rather a blow when only Uriel joined him, looking so grave that the Count was startled, and asked hastily, "Have you bad news?"

"Hardly news, uncle, at all events. Regina's determination is quite fixed."

"Now who would believe it?" asked the Count; "never to say a word on the subject—to live in the world like the rest of us, or pretty nearly so—and to keep to those convent notions all the while!"

There was silence for a few minutes; Count Damian puffed on, and looked thoughtfully at the little blue clouds of smoke floating away; then he said:

"Now, my dear boy, listen to me; be reasonable and take my advice: do you just give up your fancy, leave off troubling your head about Regina, and marry Corona; that will make all straight. The little one shall be the heiress, and Regina—if she will have it

so—must go to her convent. She is wonderfully pretty, little Corona, every one says; and of late, you see, this idea has kept coming into my head; only I hoped Regina would come to her senses; but as it seems no use thinking about her, take my advice. After all, you may get on better with Corona. What do you say?"

"That I love the Queen, and not the Crown."

"Ah, my good fellow, don't be romantic. Why, dozens of men would think themselves lucky to get the offer."

"As I might, if I did not love Regina."

"Well, but forget Regina; leave off thinking about her; then you'll see in a little while you won't love her; a little while more and you will love Corona. Those winning little personages, like her, have a way of creeping into one's heart. God knows how I wished you to marry Regina; but don't let us be such fools as to let all our plans fall through because of her wilfulness. Why, I am turned fifty; no one would think it, would they now, to look at me?—but that's my age; and I begin to wish to have some grandchildren about me. It ought not all to be for nothing, your getting Stamberg, and such a splendid independent position at your age. It really looks like the will of God—to speak in poor Regina's style. Now Uriel, my boy, what do you say?"

Uriel had been so deep in thought that he had scarcely heard his uncle's long exhortation. The question at its close roused him, and he said:

"Ay, Corona!"

"You consent, then? Bravissimo! We shall not have so much trouble with the little one; besides, I do not mean to ask her, but just to let her know she is lucky enough to be chosen by you. Why she might be your wife in a month or so, eh?"

"My wife? Corona? My dear uncle, you must give me time to reflect on all this; it cannot be decided in such a hurry; but you must believe that I will do my utmost to meet your wishes. Now how do my cigars please you?"

"Better than the whole lot of you," said the Count, shaking his head.

The next few days passed pleasantly enough; for Regina was natural and self-possessed as usual, and Uriel had great self-control. Only, when the Count spoke of going, an anguish, like the bitterness of death, pierced his heart; for he knew that Regina would come no more. The last morning came; every one was preparing to start; and Regina, dressed for the journey, stood on the balcony looking at the waves of the morning mist which lay over all the landscape, covering earth and sky with a gray colourless veil, and every now and then letting fall one or two cold drops, like heavy tears. It was just one of those dull autumn mornings which are so often followed by a fine day. "Like life," she thought; "we walk in the clouds while we are here; then comes eternity, with its unclouded sunshine."

Uriel stood beside her. "Regina,"—and the beating of his heart lowered his full manly voice to a trembling whisper,—“will you come

back?" She shook her head without speaking or looking at him. "Remember," he went on, "that this moment decides the future of both of us; and God knows how. Remember that it is in your power to bring to this place the sweetest, highest happiness that ever was given by a woman's hand—a happiness blessed by God, which makes the soul nobler and the heart purer—a happiness bringing countless graces with it, and reaching on into the future. Look round you, look at me, look into your own heart—then speak; and consider well; for what you now say you will have to answer for in eternity."

Regina looked straight out before her, and her lips moved slightly; then she looked at Uriel, and there was an indescribable union of supernatural tenderness and intense pain on her sweet face, as she said, "*Solo Dios basta.*" But such a look of anguish convulsed Uriel's features, that she pressed her folded hands passionately against her heart, and cried: "O my God! change his suffering into grace, and these earthly thorns into heavenly roses!"

At that moment the Count, the Baroness, Hyacinth, and Corona came out on the balcony, and her father said to Regina:

"Are you bidding farewell to Stamberg?"

"No, dear father; to Uriel," she answered calmly.

Hyacinth went quickly to his brother, and laid his arm affectionately on his shoulder, saying, "*Au revoir*, Uriel, at my first Mass."

"*Au revoir*," answered Uriel, without knowing what he said.

The carriage drove up, and away. Uriel stood looking after it, then listening to it; and when nothing more could be seen or heard, he felt as if he had possessed the whole world, and lost it.

GAS

WITHOUT HEAT SMOKE OR SMELL

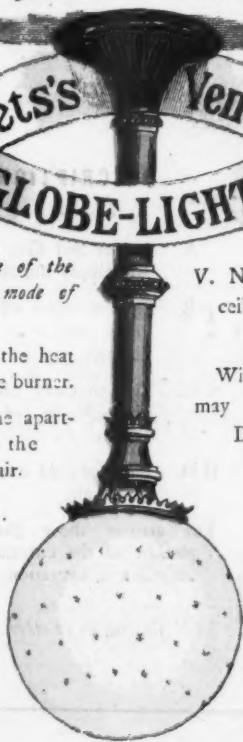
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- I. It carries off all the heat and foul air from the burner.
- II. It also ventilates the apartment by removing the heated and vitiated air.
- III. It introduces a constant supply of external fresh air.
- IV. The flame is powerful and steady, and cannot be affected by draughts.

V. No smoke escaping—the ceiling is not blackened.

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- B.B. Pipe to carry off the foul air from the burner.
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- D.D. Inlet for cold external fresh air.

The arrows show the direction of the currents of air when in operation.

(See Illustration on other side.)



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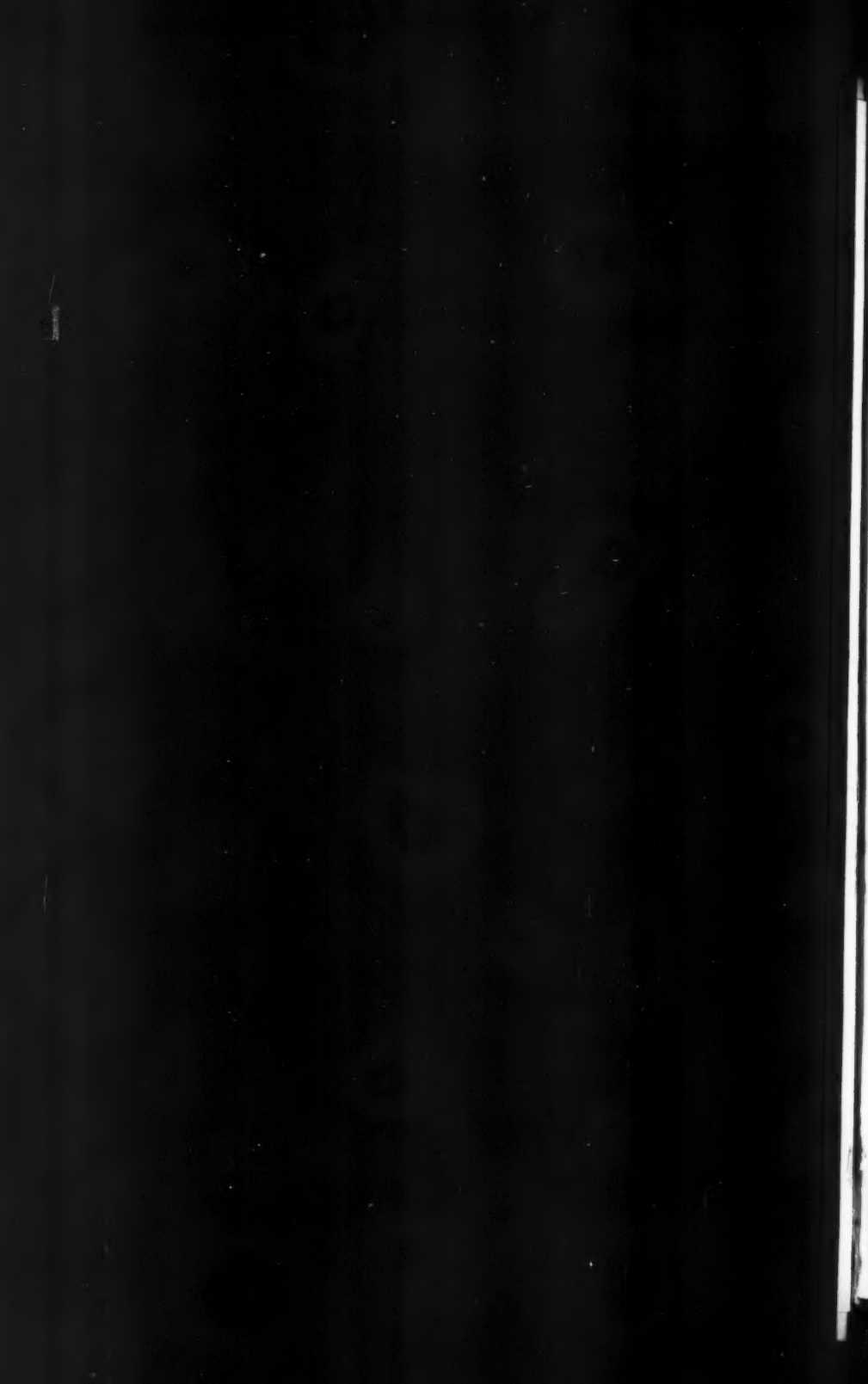
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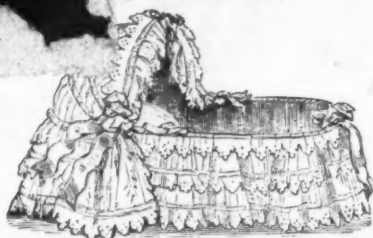
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* * * **Earl Russell** communicated to the College of Physicians that he had received a despatch from **Her Majesty's Consul at Manila**, to the effect that Cholera had been raging fearfully, and that the **ONLY** remedy of any service was **CHLORODYNE**.—See *Lancet*, Dec. 31, 1864.

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